THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CII.—No. 1332

JUNE 26, 1929

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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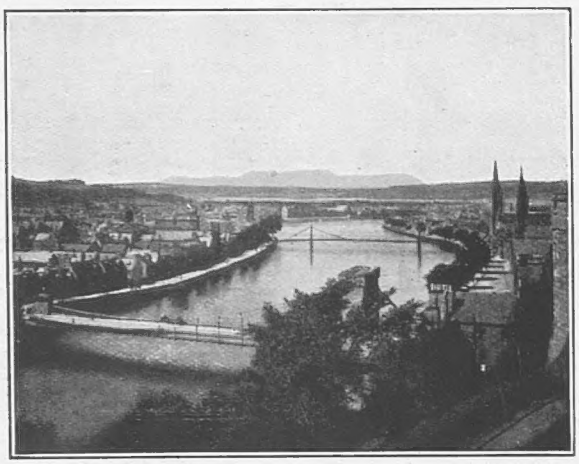

INVERNESS

brave, castled Inverness, is the centre of the sportsman's Magic Ground. If your holiday this year is irrevocably decided, we warn you against sending for our free booklet, "Inverness as the Heart of the Highlands": for its illustrations and descriptions of this merry, legend-haunted land are practically irresistible!

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The Bystander, June 26, 1929

No. 1332. Vol. CII

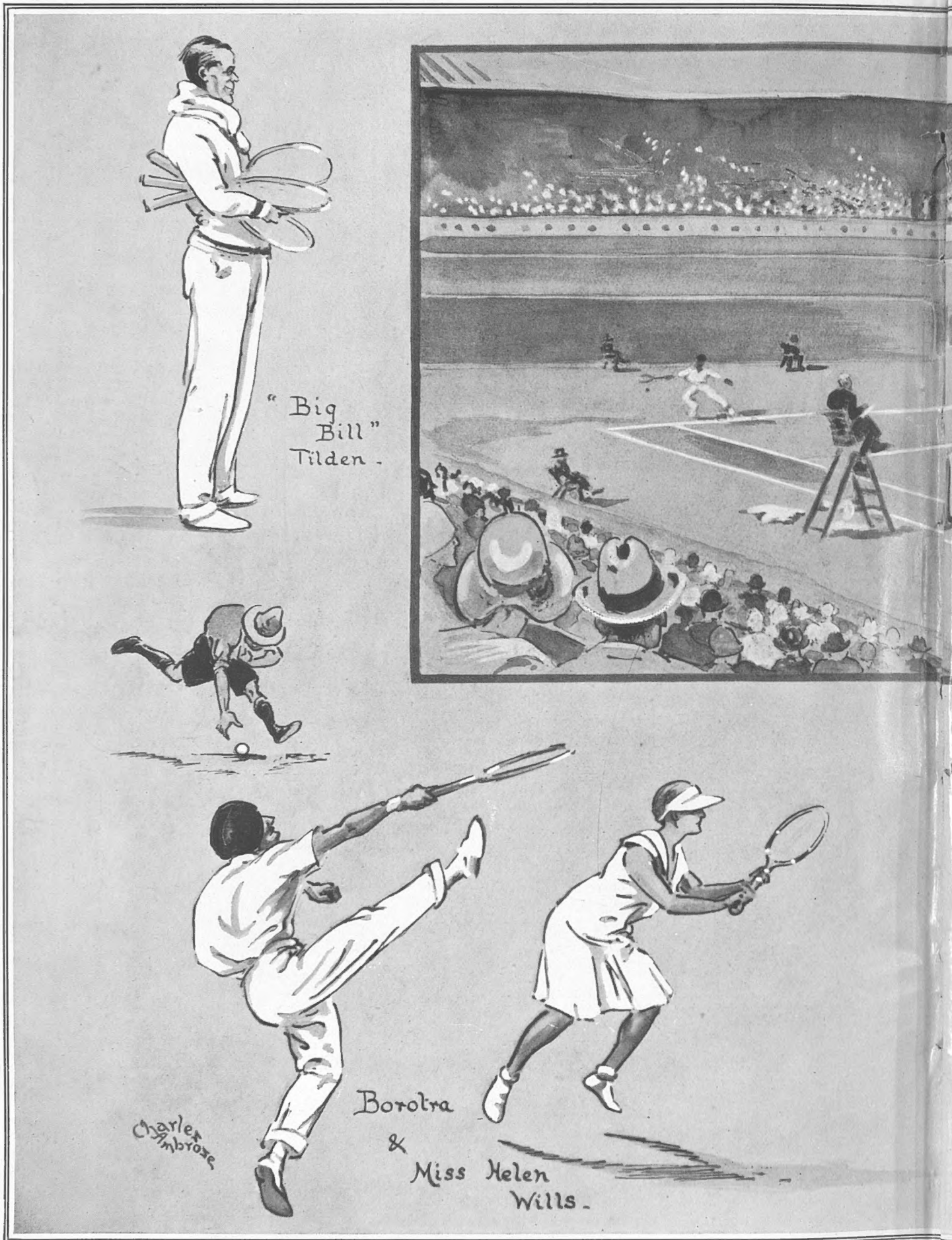
The BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

THE VERSATILE HELEN

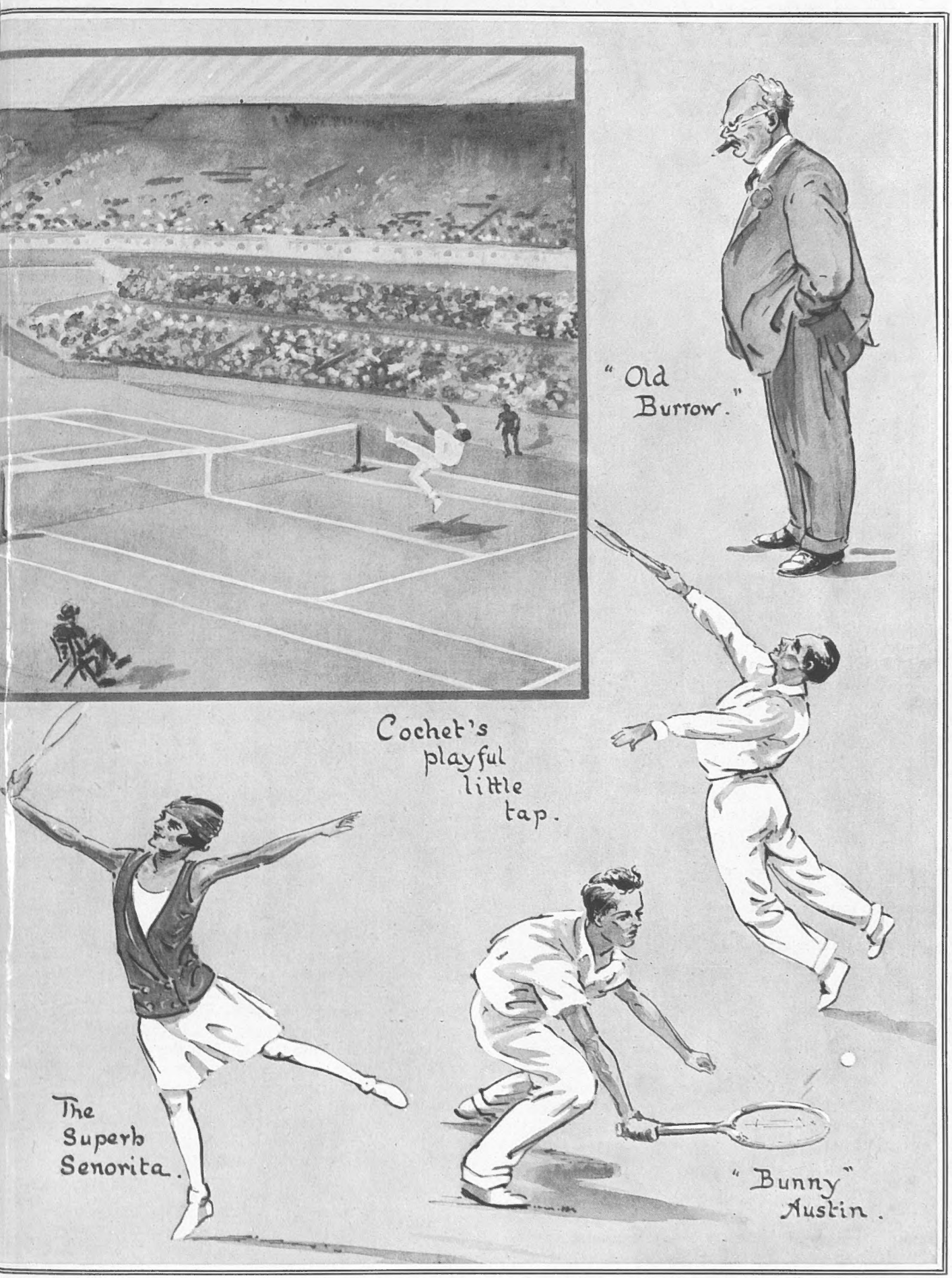
The lady champion, Miss Helen Wills, who wields an artist's pencil as well as a racket. She is a very popular figure with the Wimbledon crowds, and is always assured of a good "gallery"

A CONSTELLATION OF STARS



Above are seen some leading lights of the lawn tennis world who are familiar figures at the Championships. With one exception he is to be found hiding behind a barrage of cigar smoke

WHO SHINE AT WIMBLEDON



BY CHARLES AMBROSE

hey are all seen at one time or another on the centre court, and although Mr. F. R. Burrow, the referee, does not function there, n an adjoining office directing the operations of those who do

The BOOK SOCIETY'S CHOICE for JUNE

By CLEMENCE DANE

"*RALPH RASHLEIGH*"

(*Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.*)

NOBODY knows who wrote *Ralph Rashleigh*. A while ago, say the publishers, a manuscript was sent to them by "Mr Charles Bertie, the well-known librarian, of Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. Bertie explained to us that it had come into his hands from a man who had inherited it from his wife's father, in whose possession it had remained for thirty years. Mr. Bertie read the manuscript and was so sure of its importance that he had it typed and sent to us in England. We recognised its value and interest, but the archaic literary style of the writer made us doubtful whether the book would be acceptable to modern readers. So the manuscript was rewritten, but with absolute fidelity to the original story. . . ."

S

BUT, though this rewritten version is now available, its author remains a mystery. It is explained that "the tale contained in the following pages was compiled by the Editor as it fell from the lips of the person who was at once the author and the hero of the adventures therein related." That is to say, three authors are concerned.

S

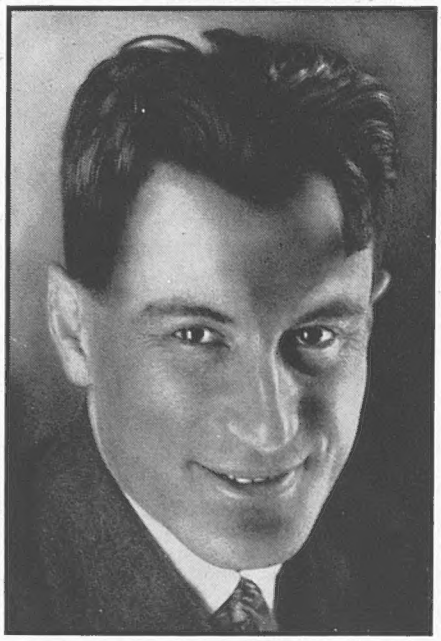
THE first author is the unknown convict settler who dictated his story to "A Squatter," the "Editor" who wrote in 1845 under the name of "Giacomo di Rosenberg"; then it was rewritten some eighty years later by an author whose name does not appear on the title-page; and finally it was introduced to the public by a former Lord Chancellor of England, who begins his foreword thus:—

"I am, on the whole, after consideration, of opinion that this remarkable volume of memoirs may be accepted as authentic."

This, with "A Squatter's" defiant motto, "Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable," is the answer to the sceptic who might otherwise say, "Ah, another De Rougemont!"

S

BUT did ever a book have so curious a history? It is almost as curious as the tale contained within the covers. Australia, we know, owes its colonisation to the convicts sent out to Tasmania and New South Wales. The book gives a picture of these Criminal Colonies that is unforgettable. The life was brutal, the discipline brutal; the book's record of floggings and cruelties is as horrible in its monotony as in its presentment of facts, and would indeed be unreadable if its horror did not silhouette the figures of the men who endured the regime. They may have been criminals, but they were brave and hardy criminals. And odd stories, such as the delightful tale of the theatrical company, give us a vivid idea of their enterprise and their power to survive and thrive.



The first authentic portrait of Valentine Kataev to be published in Great Britain. His book, "The Embezzlers," has attracted wide attention, and Miss Dane says of him, "During the revolutionary struggle he was in the Ukraine and endured much hardship. He was eight months in prison. It was only in 1922 that he was able to take up permanent residence in Moscow and occupied himself with daily newspaper work, scenario writing for the cinema, composition of librettos for comic operas, writing adventure novels and serials and doing humorous verses and nursery rhymes . . . all sheerly to earn a living. He was married in 1923

S

Ralph Rashleigh (the name is fictitious) was an easy-going youngster who, at the beginning of the last century, got into bad company, and was caught coining and housebreaking, and sentenced to death. He was, however, reprieved and sent out as a convict to Australia. He survived the horrors of the voyage, which included a mutiny, to find himself committed to a period of cruel slavery. He was in time, however, hired out to a settler. This would have been a step towards emancipation, but he was barely settled before bandits—escaped convicts who had taken to the bush—captured him. He was once more a terrified slave, forced to watch his captors sickeningly revenge their own slavery on innocent and guilty alike. But once more he escaped and was saved from death by the aborigines into whose hands he then fell. He was adopted into a tribe and lived with the blacks till chance enabled him to escape once more. He ended by saving some shipwrecked white women and with them travelling back to civilisation. They, grateful, procured his freedom, and he settled down as an overseer of a farm till his death, got in fighting against the blacks.

S

THE book, you see, is full of astonishing matter, interesting and horrifying and alive, and the publishers add to its value by giving photographs of the original manuscript, though these specimens may make the reader doubt whether it was wise to rewrite the tale.

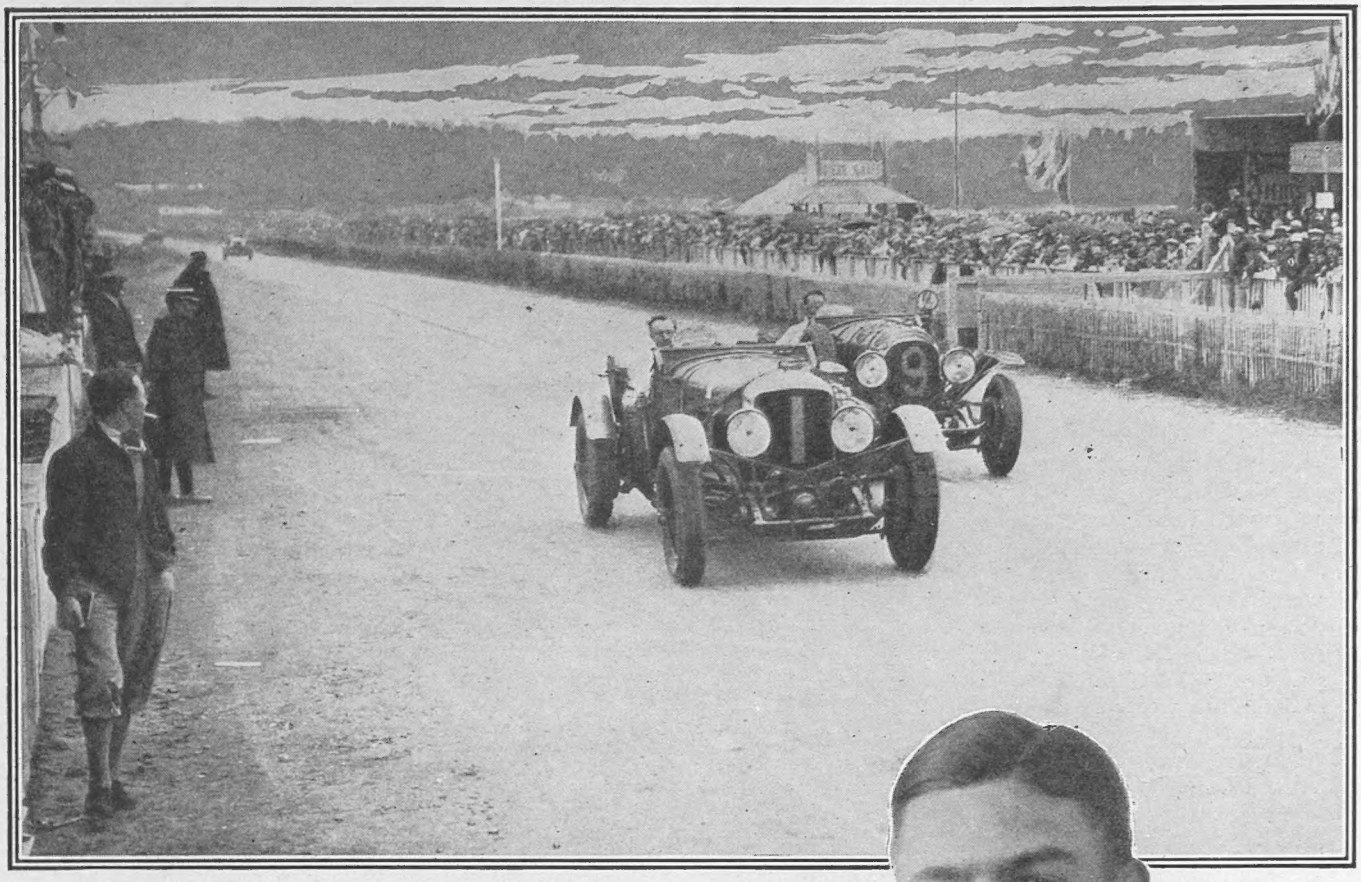
"At times Rashleigh and some of the blacks would go at night with djins (black women) to a secluded bay or inlet, not exposed to the fury of the open sea, the djins bearing large torches made of resinous bark, and the males provided with fishing spears having four points roughly separated at the extremity. The whole party would wade up to their middles among the shallows. . . ."

That is a vivid picture; its detail convinces; one can hear the narrator's voice. One wonders why it was necessary to emasculate it thus:—

"There were night fishing expeditions made to secluded bays and inlets at which, accompanied by djins bearing torches of resinous bark, Rashleigh and other men armed with spears would wade into the water up to their waists."

S

BUT though it may be a matter of regret that the story has been thus robbed of its early Victorian style, it remains a most interesting document. In the last fifteen years our knowledge of the beginnings of many a civilisation has been enriched—the Ur tombs have shown us how a Chaldee Queen dressed her hair; the Egyptian discoveries have made us feel as small as the Queen of Sheba; and the other day we learned that the boundaries of the very Flood had been discovered. In the world of books, too, the hauls out of history are rich. The translation of the Abyssinian Bible gave us one lost Africa, the Aloysius Horn memoirs another. Now it is the turn of the youngest continent. For, whether *Ralph Rashleigh* is purely a record of fact, or merely a record based on fact, it gives us, in either case, an unforgettable portrait of the beginning of modern Australia.



Central News

BRAVO, BENTLEYS!

The finish of the Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans showing the first two cars home, both Bentleys, passing the winning post; the next two cars to finish, which were also Bentleys, are seen entering the final stretch. A photograph of Captain Woolf Barnato, who owns and drove the winning car, appears on page 697

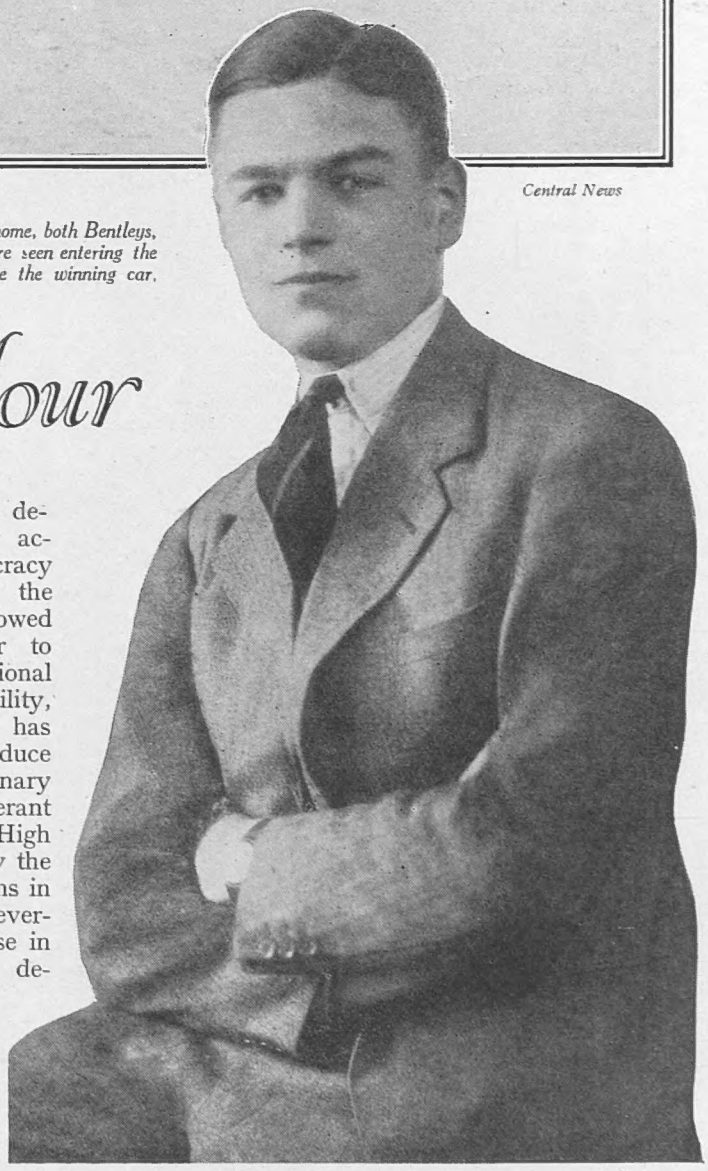
The Passing Hour

Ascots Come and Ascots Go

IN all the tale of the Season's functions there is nothing else quite like the Ascot garden party. At no other race meeting can one reasonably be so sure of the sun shining, and certainly at no other meeting is there that intensive parade of fashion and personalities. No doubt it is much a question of mood, but after the spray of superlative description lavished upon it last week I am inclined, in the cool of contemplative retrospect, to think of our Royal Ascot as depending more and more upon the romantic substance of a past tradition than upon its immediate present.

That coveted badge of admission to the Royal Enclosure is accessible to so many nowadays that its particular exclusiveness has perforce been somewhat relinquished with the collapse of social barriers that, before the War, seemed as unalterable as Fate. Many now find themselves granted the freedom of the Enclosure to whom, in former days, it would have been denied.

It is not to be deplored, but rather acclaimed, that Democracy has so widened the social gates and allowed a greater number to assume this additional social responsibility, which, before now, has been known to produce in the most reactionary minds a more tolerant attitude towards "High Life" as shown by the spectacular occasions in our social diary. Nevertheless, this increase in numbers tends to decrease the erstwhile speciality of the Enclosure. Whereas in the Paddock it was usually one in half a dozen who wore the white badge of admission issued by the Lord Cham-



Bassano

To the astonishment of the world the "Daily Express" announced the other morning that it had been given by Lord Beaverbrook to his elder son, the Hon. William Maxwell Aitken. A portrait of the new proprietor, who was nineteen last February, appears above

ROYAL ASCOT AND ITS ROYAL VISITORS

berlain's office, it seemed, last week, that it was one in half a dozen who did not wear it!

The Bookmakers Cheer

THE scene was hardly less brilliant than any of its predecessors, though the absence of the King and Queen did create the effect of it being incomplete, and, as a young man said to me, "it is as if a school had to have its Speech Day without the headmaster."

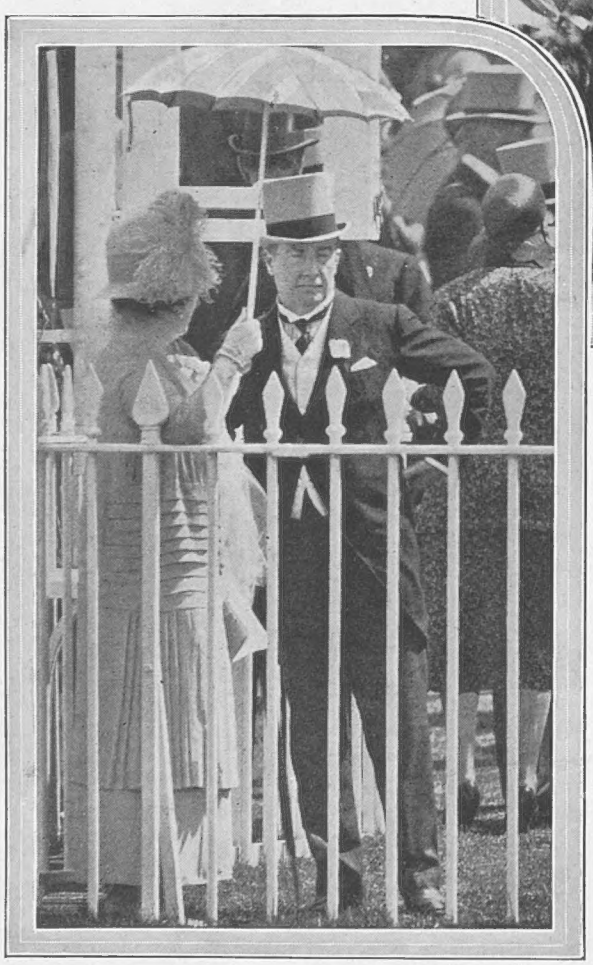
Quite the most exhilarating moment of the meeting was to hear that sudden cheer—subdued though it may have been—and the raising of all hats when Lyme Regis carried the King's colours first past the post. At the time I was in a box above Tattersall's ring. It was delightful to see the bookmakers forget their business and turn enthusiastically towards the Prince of Wales in the Royal box and cheer excitedly. No doubt the fall of the favourites swelled the tone of their chorus.

Lord Lascelles was the only member of the Royal party who had any contact with the bookmakers, but, of course, he was the only one to whom Royal etiquette permitted the liberty. He was wearing a grey morning suit, as were the Duke of York and Lord Melchett, and, before every race, strolled down to the barrier separating the bookmakers from the Enclosure, sometimes joined there by the Aga Khan or Lord Stanley, who certainly wears the tallest silk hat that was ever made. The Aga Khan, looking exceedingly fit (he has been playing a lot of golf with George Duncan on the Continent), recommended my attention towards two of his horses early in the meeting, but, unfortunately, both were beaten out of first place.

Of all the many distinguished women in the Enclosure I found my eyes dwelling with greatest admiration upon the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, in filmy white chiffon. The Prince of Wales left the Royal box every day for a short walk in the Paddock, but he did not seem to be enjoying himself. He has not inherited his grandfather's interest in the Turf.

THE HOLY OF HOLIE

A view of the crowded Royal Box and Enclosure at Ascot on one of the days during t Duchess of York among the company on the verandah. Although His Majesty's illne vast crowd cheered the victory of the King's horse, Lyn



Central News

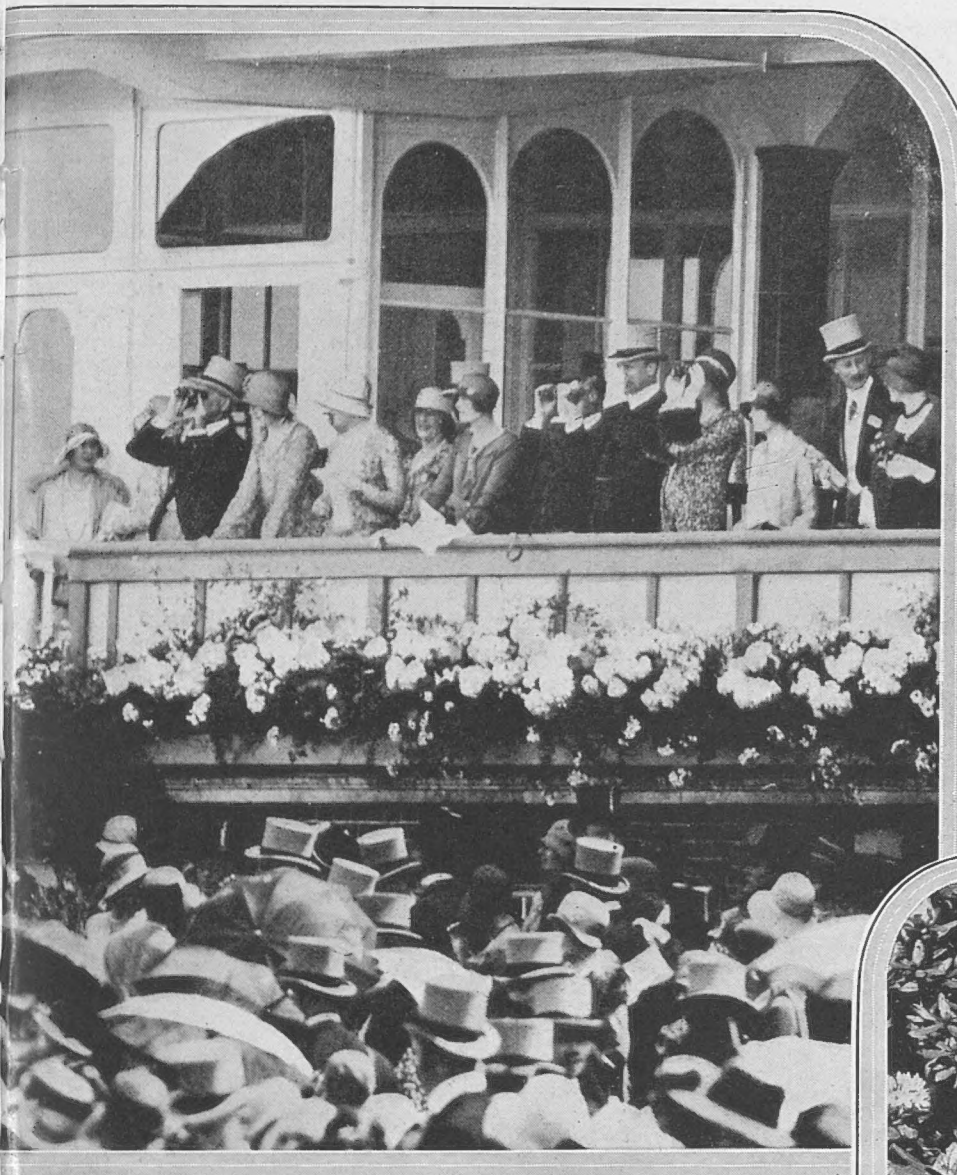
IN SPLENDID ISOLATION

The ex-Premier and Mrs. Baldwin enjoying a quiet moment between races. They are seen in a corner of the Royal Enclosure

That Disarmament Question

GENERAL DAWES has come to us from Washington with every manifestation of goodwill, as Ambassador, and we shall not ask him, at any rate for some time to come, to waive diplomatic privileges and make his Embassy "dry." General Dawes

A CHEERFUL CHARITY AFFAIR



Photopress

AT ROYAL ASCOT

racing last week, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke and unfortunately prevented him from being present, the event was as brilliant as ever and a Regis, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the opening day

rushed to Forres to shake Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by the hand, and then dashed back again to hold out a big hand at the Pilgrims' Dinner, where, in the manner of American Ambassadors, naval disarmament was projected as though it were, of all subjects, the one aim of the United States. The sort of "yardstick" Uncle Sam has wanted so far has been apparently one to beat us with. When Mr. Baldwin's Government, who were nothing if not confiding to the U.S.A., reduced its naval programme by three battleships, General Dawes' countrymen responded with a programme of fifteen heavy cruisers in three years. The American Senate have also a queer little way of repudiating their representatives, from the late President Wilson downwards, when it suits them. Is it not about time that General Dawes invited his own Government to put their cards on the table before he expects us to respond to mere gestures by sacrificing the national safety?

A July Ball

THE Independence Eve Cabaret-Supper and Dance, which takes place at the Piccadilly Hotel on Wednesday next, July 3, promises to be an even more than usually cheery affair. Lady Carisbrooke is acting as President of the dance, and she has got some first-class talent gathered together. Lady Plunket is going to dance, and Peggy O'Neil will make a delightful master of ceremonies, which will include a fanfare blown by the trumpeters of the Life Guards. The proceeds of the dance are to go towards completing the American bed founded by Fanny Ward and Sophie Tucker at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, and the tickets, which include cabaret and supper, are £2 2*s*. each, or £4 4*s*. for six, so it will be seen that there is not only safety but economy in numbers.

All Roads Lead to Wimbledon

LADY CROSFIELD'S charity garden party last week gave many the opportunity to see the principal lawn tennis players who are at Wimbledon this week in a comfort not to be enjoyed at the Championship meeting. Watching Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Eileen Bennett, Miss "Bobby" Heine, and Señorita D'Alvarez—why it is written "de Alvarez" when the Spanish Embassy some years ago pointed out it should be "D'Alvarez" I cannot fathom—I came to the conclusion that, whereas the exacting energy of lawn tennis seems to leave

Keystone View

AN ASCOT HOSTESS

The Ranee of Sarawak among her rhododendrons in the grounds of her home, Ascot Hill. She again entertained a large house-party for Ascot

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

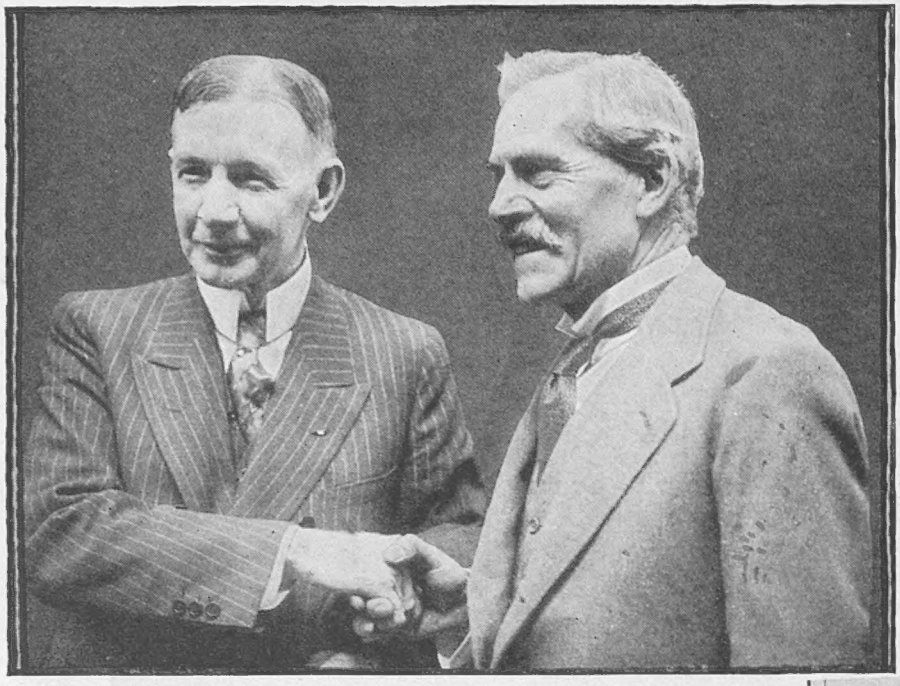


Photo Fress

General Dawes, the new American Ambassador, giving the Prime Minister the Glad Hand on his visit to Forres

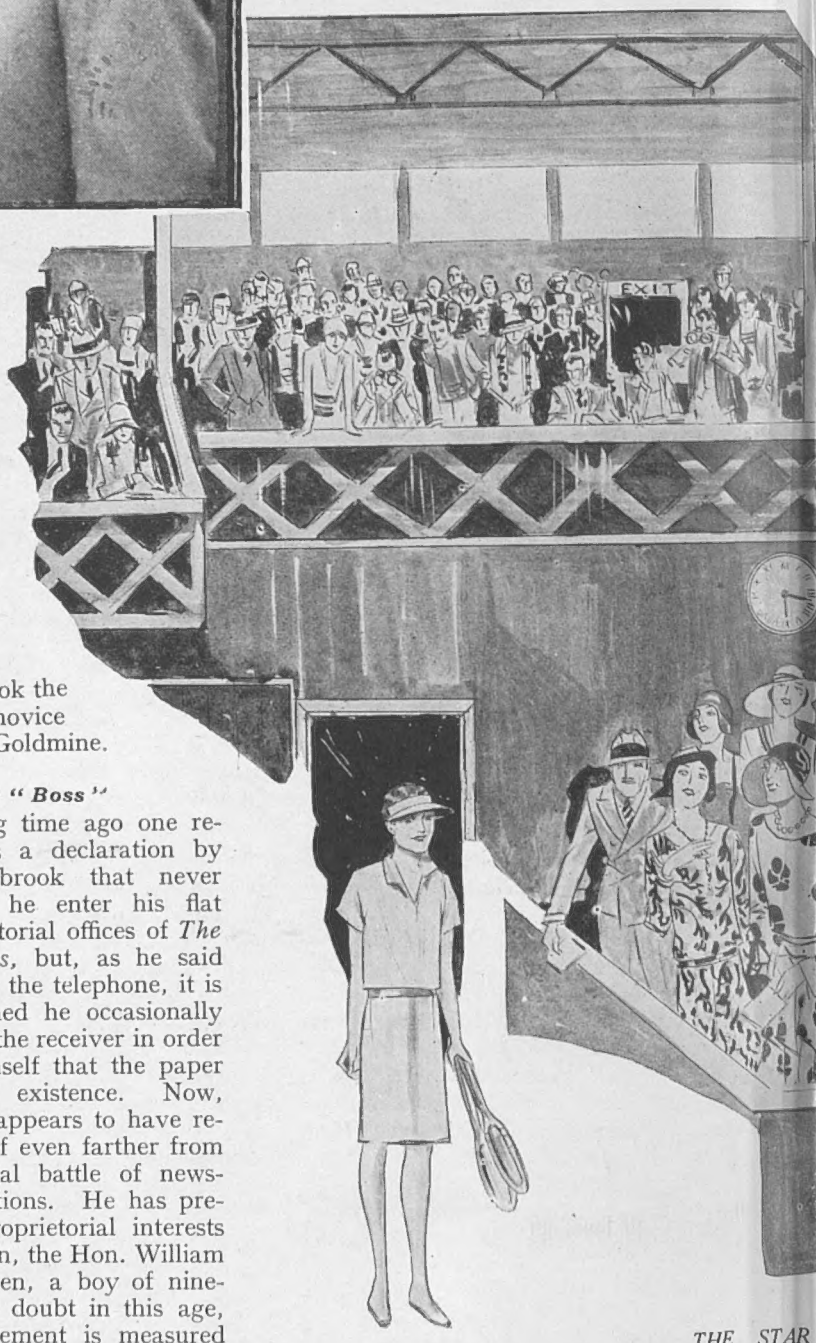
the faces of foreign and Dominion women players unscathed by any harshness of expression brought about by continual and eager concentration upon the game, our young women seem all marked by characteristics that have come to be known as the "tennis face." Certainly if any girl wishes to attain a grimness that will deter most susceptible young men, tournament lawn tennis play appears the quickest means of doing so.

Olympia's Ascot

THE International Horse Show opened in its usual decorative setting of hydrangeas, geraniums and marguerites at Olympia. It is the Royal Academy of the country's many horse shows, and an Academy no keen horseman ever misses. Not only are the different languages of the foreign competitors evidence of the Show's cosmopolitan character, but one hears the brogues of Scotland, Ireland and Yorkshire, and with it all that pleasant cordiality that comes from men and women who are constantly associated with horses. Mr. Bertram Mills, who presents the international Circus at Olympia every Christmas, has been a prominent exhibitor of harness horses and jumpers throughout the week, and his genial personality always adds to the enjoyment of the Show. Lady Wright has not forsaken the Show since her marriage to Mr. Justice Wright, and under her maiden name of Miss Bullows has been putting her horses over those formidable jumps with the expert zest of a Grand National rider. The beautiful Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps is another entrant. She took the prize for novice hunters with Goldmine.

A Fleet Street "Boss"

NOT a long time ago one remembers a declaration by Lord Beaverbrook that never again would he enter his flat above the editorial offices of *The Daily Express*, but, as he said nothing about the telephone, it is to be presumed he occasionally put an ear to the receiver in order to assure himself that the paper was still in existence. Now, however, he appears to have removed himself even farther from the gladiatorial battle of newspaper circulations. He has presented his proprietorial interests to his elder son, the Hon. William Maxwell Aitken, a boy of nineteen, and no doubt in this age, where achievement is measured in terms of records, nineteen is a record for any young man to possess a newspaper. It is said that his single essay in reporting was a trip to Glasgow, but as the result of his trip was not printed his journalistic capacities have still to pass the acid test of the sub-editor's almighty pencil. That, however, is no commentary on his proprietorial ability. Newspaper proprietors, since the death of Lord Northcliffe, have not deemed it necessary to be acquainted with the labour of their profession, so Mr. Aitken will start as his father did. A charming boy, keen and industrious, he has inherited all the late Lady Beaverbrook's grace of manner and, let it be hoped, some of father's shrewd brains.



THE STAR

Miss Helen Wills, making her debut of the lawn tennis Nuthall, whom she may meet in an early round, are the Señorita de Alvarez

FLYING AND "SAFETY FIRST"

Safety First for Aeroplanes

WHENEVER I have flown to Paris, the crossing of the Channel has always occasioned in me a vague disquietude. A few years ago I was asked by a certain daily publication —this egotism must be forgiven—to record my impression of flying to France, and in it I complained that there was no means of indicating to the passengers any explanation of the machine's movements. To apprehensive people it is a little disturbing to swoop down from several thousand feet to within a few hundred of the ground. It should be perfectly simple to install a number of printed screens with such notices as: "Now losing height to gain better visibility"; "Reducing speed, about to land." Had there been some such notice in the aeroplane that fell in the Channel last week as "Danger: assume life-belts: close windows: open emergency exits," the contention of one of the passengers who said, "If we had been warned, more would have got out," might well have proved true, and all death casualties have been avoided.

Also, two-engined machines are now regarded as obsolete, for in the event of one failing, the other is incapable of maintaining the 'plane in flight. Three-engined machines are used on the new India route, and should forthwith be employed on the Imperial Airways' London and Continent services. Safety must be the primary

Alfieri

The Duchess of Peñaranda with members of the Hurricanes team after they had won the Ranelagh Open Challenge Cup. They beat the Duke of Peñaranda's El Gordo team by 11 goals to 4

By HELEN McKIE

FROM THE WEST.

season on the famous Centre Court at Wimbledon. She and her compatriot, "Big Big" Tilden, and Betty great "draws" at the Championships this year, and it is most probable that we shall again see Miss Wills and fighting out the final of the Ladies Singles

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

(Add to the List of Horses already published the names given below.)

TUFFAN

(Br. C., by Valens—Lily Willy).

Owner, Mr. W. H. Thorpe. Trainer, Pollock. Is improving each time he runs. Following on his third to Jarnick in the Stamford Welter Handicap (six furlongs) at York he was only beaten two necks from Royal Lad in the Bromford Handicap at Birmingham.

ARDENT LOVER

(B. C., by Son-in-Law—Eager Eyes).

Owner, Mr. W. M. G. Singer. Trainer, Watts. This colt's performance in the Midland Breeders' Foal Plate at Birmingham, when running second, beaten a short head, to Merry Miller, stamps him as above the average stayer. Follow him in races of a mile or over.

SONOMA

(C., by Friar).

Owner, Mr. F. Wright. Trainer, Templeman. Was up against a hot selling plater when running second to Caught Napping in the Juvenile Selling at Newbury. On his only other outing, he ran fifth in the race won by Noble Star at Windsor. Follow him until he wins.

HIPPOLYTUS

(Ch. G., by He—Queen's Company).

Owner, Mr. J. T. Coltman. Trainer, L. Ward. Was an S.P. "job" when down the course to Cretan Lassie in the Berks Handicap at Newbury. On his previous outing was third in a big field to Verdant Green and John's Son at Lingfield. He is one we think will soon be catching the judge's eye.

FRIAR WILE

(B. H., by Friar Marcus—Willowmore).

Owner, Sir R. McAlpine. Trainer, J. M. Bell. When running Flash Toy to three-quarters of a length, in the June Handicap at Gatwick, he proved his ability to get a mile-and-half. Was not too well away, and did not reach a challenging position until well in the line for home. I confidently anticipate his early success.

LALL STAR

(Ch. C., by Bethlehem—Lall).

Owner, Mr. L. P. Smith. Trainer, P. Lowe. Ran County Guy to three-quarters of a length in the Emlyn Handicap at Gatwick. He is evidently back into his Spring form when he defeated Forage and a big field in the Chaddenden Handicap at Derby. He should be supported until he wins again.

PRETTY LITTLE SISTERS AIDING CHARITY

FINNELLA AND FELICITY HARRISON

Two of the eight daughters of Major and Mrs. Harrison, of Grosvenor Square. They took part in the matinée arranged by Miss Doris Stainer at the St James's Theatre yesterday, June 25, in aid of the Chelsea Home for Mothers and Babies

consideration in our commercial aviation at all times. By the way, the increasing popularity of small aeroplanes is turning the country into a hideous inferno of noise. Last week-end, in a house-party in which I was a guest, all were driven to a state of acute irritability by the constant flying of a small 'plane carrying passengers on five shilling "flips." One began to have complete sympathy with the man who shot at a low-flying machine some years ago, because, he said, it annoyed him. Such commercial flying will have to be utilised to definite confined spaces, as is track motor racing.

Recalling the "Letters of Blanche"

THE death of Mrs. F. H. Viner may recall to some of our readers those very brilliant "Letters of Blanche" that appeared in THE BYSTANDER during the War and until she died in 1920. "Blanche"—and she was also "Eve" of *The Tatler*—was Mrs. Viner's younger daughter. Mrs. Viner was a Miss Rosalie Back, and her youth coincided with the height of Dickens' fame as a living author. Mrs. Viner always was, and always remained, one of his sincere admirers, and her children, who numbered the considerable total of eight—though, no doubt, quite inconsiderable in Victorian eyes!—more or less spelt out their first alphabets through the pages of "David Copperfield," and an interesting fact is that the original of Rosa Dartell (a Miss Mary Ann Leigh, who considerably perturbed the tranquillity of Dickens' affection for his wife) married Mrs. Viner's grandfather.

NEXT WEEK

We shall publish a striking short story by

MISS PHYLLIS BOTTOME

entitled

"THE WOLF"

Photographs *Lenare*

LORNA AND ESMEE HARMSWORTH

The two daughters of the Hon. Mr and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who took part in the Fairy Tale tableaux recently held at the Park Lane Hotel in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street The family resemblance is most marked in their cases

AT THE PLAY

FISTICUFFS and a PHILISTINE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "Hold Everything" at the Palace Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

HOLD EVERYTHING at the Palace Theatre is a musical comedy true to American type. On the big stage there are some big sets not strikingly original; there is at least one big comedian in the person of John Kirby; a big star in Owen Nares; big "plugging" of some of the musical numbers; big concerted dancing scenes and a big chorus of undoubted ability, athleticism and grace to which a big share in the success of this musical comedy is due.

I DO not know what salary is paid to Owen Nares to disport himself in this form of play, in which, on occasions, he has appeared before, but I do know that he earns it, and this despite the fact that Nares is no rival to Chaliapin, and that, in the shaking of a toe, Claude Hulbert, let us say, can give him 95 yards in a 100 and a beating. Thus handicapped Nares, nevertheless, makes good, for he imparts to his work conviction which helps even the plot not to appear absurd! He and the clever chorus can jointly claim to be responsible for a big share in the success of this musical comedy.

As for the comedians there are two principals at the Palace. I suppose the bigger—though not physically—is George Gee, a comedian about whom there are two opinions, and both decided ones. Either you think him funny or you do not. With him—as they say in legal circles—is a circular comedian in the shape of John Kirby, an actor who can be amusing even when provided, as here, with material of the most devastating dullness, for the Yankee authors have had their book far too respectfully treated by the English adapters, Bert Lee and R. P. Weston. Ralph Reader, another Englishman, who arranged the dances and *ensembles*, deserves a bouquet, and can claim with the clever chorus a big share in the success of this musical comedy.

AMONG the petticoats will be discovered Pamela Carme, playing with distinction, Mamie Watson, heroine-in-chief presumably, and Sunny Jarman, an American soubrette, who was evidently unaware of the fact that the dialogue hardly scintillated with wit. She spoke her lines with the conviction that they were funny and proved herself an agile dancer, as agile, in fact, as the clever chorus which has so big a share in the success of this musical comedy.

As for the music, it was so reminiscent that I feel sure it will be popular, while the tunes, which are likely to stick in the memory, have all that is possible done to them by reiteration. What gave me the greatest pleasure was, however, not the songs, but the dance music, which was composed for the clever chorus which has so big a share in the success of this musical comedy.

FINALLY I come to those members of the company whose names do not figure on the programme. I need hardly explain that I refer to the clever chorus. Have I mentioned previously that it is their efforts which have so big a share in the success of this musical comedy?

"All God's Chillun" at the Court

AFTER the play was over the Horrid Philistine who accompanied me to the Court Theatre to see Eugène O'Neill's great work began to tack.

"Who's this chap O'Neill?" he demanded.

"A dramatist of world-wide reputation," I replied, "He is an American."

"I learnt that from the foreword in the programme"—here the Philistine pulled it out of his pocket and read, "'O'Neill represents the theatre in search of itself, and the American theatre in particular.' Explain that!

"I must have notice of that question," I replied after a pause for thought, and added hurriedly, "He wrote a fine play called *Anna Christie*."

"Then I wish I'd seen it instead of the bilge we saw to-night."

"Bilge!" I echoed, horrified. "Are you aware that all the intelligentsia of the theatre think O'Neill is a very Great Dramatist?"

"Why?"

"Well, because . . ."

"What we saw to-night seemed to me all intervals and no play. This fellow no sooner gets the curtain up than he rings it down again, and those intervals represent years, months, and weeks. I don't know anything about playwriting, but is that good construction?"

"It's O'Neill's construction," I argued, "and he's a Very Great Dramatist."

My Philistine friend snorted and said, "It doesn't give you much chance of getting interested, and why do the characters soliloquise? I thought that convention was as dead as mutton."

"It is still employed sometimes," I parried.

"So I see! As well as music heard of to emphasise the sob stuff. Good lord! It reminded me of the old Adelphi!"

"It was singing."

"The idea was the same. But that's not my biggest grumble. What's the feller getting at?"

"O'Neill is trying to show how badly our black brothers are treated," I explained.

"If a black man messes about with a white woman he deserves all he gets. The races shouldn't mix. All that flapdoodle about 'am I not a man and a brother' surely doesn't hold good when it's altered to 'am I not the husband of a white woman and the father of her child?'"

"But O'Neill shows that the Blacks are equally averse to one of their race marrying out of it."

"Which shows their sense," said the Philistine emphatically, "and yet this O'Neill feller seems to sympathise with the nasty couple who do it in this play."

"Isn't that rather a strong statement?"

"Is it? Then what's the title mean? 'All God's Chillun got Wings.' Doesn't that look as if Black and White are placed on an equality?"

"Aren't you being just a little . . ?"

"And doesn't this writer chap try to get the sympathy of the audience for this nastily mated couple?"

"Well, perhaps the author feels strongly on the subject."

"So do I," agreed my Philistine friend emphatically. "And can you tell me why the white wife thinks it necessary to knife her black husband if he passed his law exam.? And did she feign madness previously or was she really off her dot?"

"My dear fellow," I said impatiently, "If you won't try to understand the author's well-expressed intentions I fear that it would be useless for me to explain. You have evidently neither eye nor ear attuned for Art."

"Art!" snorted the Philistine. "How some of these chaps do get away with it!"

"Not always," I replied. "In some cases the Censor won't let him. That is why another masterpiece of his is not publicly performed here."

"Three cheers for the Censor," chortled the Philistine. "If he'd been a censor of art as well as of morals he'd have banned *All God's Chillun*."

"Do you realise that your remarks will enrage the Intelligentsia on whom the artistic future of the theatre depends?"

"Artistic, my hat," retorted the Philistine. "Goo' night." V. W.

FIRST MIDINETTE: *"And do you know him?"*
SECOND MIDINETTE: *"Yes—well enough not to speak to him"*

Georges Marant

DANSE À LA GRECQUE NUE

At the Café de Paris, in Coventry Street, an extraordinary dancing display is given by Roseray and Capella, the former a blonde Frenchwoman, and her partner, in one dance both being almost nude. Above are seen Sergeol, Roseray and Capella in a trio depicting jealousy. Their artistic performance is attracting crowds of visitors to the restaurant

IF GOSSIP WE MUST

SOLLY AND KING SOL Keystone

Mr. Solly Joel with some of his guests at his annual Ascot lunch party at Maiden Erlegh, which took place in brilliant weather. The photograph shows Sir John Ferguson (left), Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Solly Joel, Lord Dewar, Sir Harry Brittain and Sir Herbert Morgan

A good many years ago I remember seeing in some journal an illustration of a young girl arriving at a London terminus in June to do the usual round of fashionable gaiety, and exclaiming, "Oh, auntie, doesn't it just *smell* of the Season!" Now that was by no means a pointless story, nor was the remark that of a half wit. About the London Season, which is now half over, there was always an indefinable atmosphere. One could, in some vague yet unmistakable way, feel that it was going on, and that, for those who care for such things, all sorts of thrilling social happenings were crowding fast one on top of the other. Have you, kind or unkind reader, had that feeling this year? I have not: nor have many others with whom I have discussed this rather curious matter.

It is said that the King's illness, the General Election, a Labour Government in power, have combined to put a damper on things. I do not believe this for a moment, nor do I admit that there *is* a damper. The round of fixtures is there just the same, and people seem to be attending them no less eagerly. There's lots of fun about, and more parties than ever. I have heard a few grumbles from the purveyors of feminine finery, but only a few, and plenty of money is undoubtedly being spent. But there is not the same interest in the Season *qua* Season. We are taking it all as a matter of course, and not, as our fathers did, something very extra special that happens only in May, June, and July, with London, socially speaking, a howling wilderness for the greater part of the rest of the year. That is because manners and customs in 1929 are wholly different even from what they were in 1919. What we used to know as "the Season" no longer has the importance it used to have, simply because the other nine months are almost as gay. Things are spread over a longer period.

Sasha

Lauri Devine, the famous dancer in "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion. The "house full" boards are still very much in evidence, for this revue is one of the few real successes of the theatrical season

ABUSE AND "THE DAILY HERALD"

WHAT has the present Government got to grumble at in the behaviour of what it calls the Capitalist Press, or, sometimes, the Dope Press? Absolutely nothing. There has scarcely been a note of adverse criticism. Everywhere there is, and rightly, a policy of giving the Socialist Cabinet a chance, in spite of the fact that the bulk of the country do not want a Socialist Cabinet, and testified to that effect by their votes. The daily newspapers, which before May 30 were violently anti-Socialist, and are still of that opinion, have, nevertheless, said all sorts of nice things about Mr. MacDonald and his associates, have given them their blessing, and have, rightly and patriotically, considered that the new gang do not lack brains and honesty of purpose, and that the country does not want to be disturbed by another General Election in the near future. The result of this attitude has been the usual outburst of venomous suspicion on the part of Labour's daily organ. "Watch out," is its advice to its readers concerning the benevolence of its opponents.

WHAT would journalistic Labour have the Capitalist Press do? The latter are, it seems, diabolical twisters when they attack Labour, and equally diabolical when they refrain from attacking Labour and are complimentary about Labour's leaders. There has been, I remember, the same inconsistency on the part of *The Daily Herald* whenever it finds a supposedly wealthy or aristocratic person doing a job of work; invariably it waxes mighty sarcastic about this, yet it never fails to attack "the idle rich" for being idle. It does not need much effort to imagine what this smug little paper would have said about Mr. Baldwin had he secured the victory he very nearly did. What the Labour Party, now that it is one of the great parties in the State, with an opportunity to prove its worth, sadly needs is a Press that can rise above sanctimonious self-laudation and schoolboy pettiness.

IF ever a man did not suffer fools—and bores—gladly it was the late Claude Lowther, the picturesque owner of the equally picturesque Hurstmonceux Castle. He had a peculiar and most disconcerting way of listening to a dull story. Saying "Yes" and "No," and "Really?" with an expression on his face of tense and growing interest, he could at the same time, without moving a muscle, emit a deep, penetrating, and recurrent snore. This he used with ventriloquial effect, "throwing" it into various corners of the room. It was thus that some of the brighter moments in the history of the Garrick Club have occurred.

I HEAR that Dennis Bradley, dramatist, spiritualist, and Bond Street sartorial specialist, is by no means discouraged by the rather mild reception given by the dramatic critics to his play *Sybarites*, recently put on for a limited run at the Arts Theatre Club. He intends, I believe, to send it round on a provincial tour at his own expense. As it is full of the peculiar brand of worldly cynicism adopted by this "be-spoke" tailor, it should do well when it goes out on the road. I will always maintain that Bradley was really cut out to be a "daring" playwright, but with the London stage cleaned and depressed it is a difficult matter to find a theatre to suit him.

Janet Jevons

Charming Elissa Landi, who is not only one of our leading young actresses but also a writer of promise. Her second novel, "The Helmers," has just been published

People wondered how Mr. Newrich acquired such a terrific service—

TO fill the Queen's Hall for an orchestral concert on a hot afternoon in June—that, at any rate, is something. Stravinsky managed to get all the musical *intelligentsia* of the most varied kind—Dr. Vaughan Williams, Albert Coates, Herman Finck, young Constant Lambert, and many others—to come and listen to his new piano concerto, the solo part of which

The FLAPPER'S CONVERSION

"The difficulty in 'casting' the Cabinet for a film would be: what to do with Mr. Sidney Webb. Something 'lovable' and kindly is indicated."—*The Daily Express.*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS now is finished.
All my ardour has diminished
For Richard Colman and his hair so black,
And no more can young Novarro
All my girlish senses harrow,
For my fancy's set upon another tack,
And now no one makes me happy
Save that debonair and snappy,
Flashing, Flapper's Idol chappie—
Sidney Webb.

Ramsay Mac. is too paternal
And the Thomas grin will turn all
Thoughts of love into a simple happy smile,
Miss Bondfield's not too dashing
And I can't see Tom Shaw "pash-ing"
But the one who has them beaten by a mile
Is that lithe and lissom hero
With the profile of a Nero,
The Cabinet's gay Pierrot—
Sidney Webb.

Though I used to be a Tory
I now tell another story,
For the Labs have won me over to their side
And I'd never dream of showing
Opposition now I'm owing
So much to England's latest "talkie" Pride.
Yes, my vote is yours to capture
For your Cabinet enrapture
Since I saw and heard AND clapped your
Sidney Webb!

B. W.

STRAVINSKY AND HIS CRITICS

By Alfred Leete

—But only his wife knew!

Of course, I am not going to deny that Stravinsky has turned out some brilliant stuff in his time. But more than ever am I convinced of the truth of what is, I believe, Sir Thomas Beecham's dictum—that Stravinsky started as a mediocrity, rose to talent in *L'Oiseau de Feu,* to genius in *Petrouchka,* and has now fallen back again into mediocrity, or worse.

What this strange composer should do now is to go back to Russia and get unsophisticated again and, if possible, barbarous. And so should Diaghileff, whose ballet has for years been getting more and more narrowed down into something very precious, very French, and very sibilantly exotic. The wind on the steppes, brother, would do it a power of good!

he played himself, and then it turned out to be so unutterably feeble. The function rather reminded me of the Hans Andersen story of the Emperor Without Any Clothes. After much solemn discussion as to the beauty of the texture of Stravinsky's music, its splendid material, and so forth, some quite unimportant person must have said, "But Stravinsky hasn't any music in him at all," and nearly everybody seemed to agree.

Janet Jevons

Dorothy Gish, the famous film star who will appear in Terence de Marney's "Young Love" at the Arts Theatre on July 3. This play had a great success in New York with her and Tom Douglas in the leading parts

I.B.

Capt. Woolf Barnato, the famous racing motorist, with his fellow-driver, H. R. S. Birkin, covered with floral tributes—and dust—after winning the Grand Prix d'Endurance race at Le Mans. The race proved a triumph for British cars, all the first four to finish being Bentleys

Seymour Hicks has gone away for a trip in the Adriatic and among the Greek islands with some American friends on board their steam yacht. This vessel bears the very uncommon name of Jezebel. The owner's explanation of the name is equally original. "I have called her Jezebel," he tells his friends, "because she is a painted lady who keeps me away from my wife."

It is the custom each year to refer to the Theatrical Garden Party as a sweltering scramble in a good cause, as an occasion when Suburbia rubs shoulders with Bohemia, and the

BRITAIN — AND BENTLEYS — DO IT AGAIN

spirit of carnival is let loose. The sweltering scramble was there the other day, and the cause is always good. But Suburbia each year grows greater and more exigent in its demands, and the true Bohemia less. And there is another side of the question. Those players, splendid, generous folk, most of them, who take part and work so hard, think nothing of their dignity. But dignity in their profession, is, I think, something that should be thought of, for it has a cash value. Is there the same desire to see Mr. X or Miss Y in a new play when one has danced with them for half-a-crown, or had a drink, or a cup of tea, handed out by their very own fingers? Of course not. Mystery is one of the stage's greatest assets, as Sir Henry Irving and others of the great past realised so well.

TIMES change, but human nature changes very little. And when little Miss Gorblimey from the Bow Road, having inspected at close quarters a world-famous beauty, comes out of the tent with the remark, "My, 'ow she 'as gorn off!" that world-famous beauty's stock goes down a point or two. The end is said to justify the means. I wonder. I believe there are other methods, and that the co-ordination of *all* theatrical charities would be one of them.

"IF you're waking, call me early, Maiden Erlegh, mother dear!" That should have been the song on the eve of Ascot Sunday of many a jockey, bookmaker, money-lender, M.P., diamond-merchant, docile journalist and revue comedian, as well as of others of the great and good who are bidden to Mr. Solly Joel's annual garden-party. It has always been a function worthy of Sir Gorgius Midas himself, and as an endurance test I can recommend the consumption of champagne in the hot mid-day sun in that most plutocratic assembly, the listening to speeches in a cigar-smoke-laden marquee, and the inspection (save for those who have expert knowledge of such matters, as well as enthusiasm for it) of stallions, brood-mares, and other appurtenances of the racing stable, together with the thinking out of original comments on their appearance, that do not betray the ignorance of him who risks making them. Long may flourish this awe-inspiring peep into that sturdy country life which has made Old England what it is!

Express Photos

The female Peter Pan, in the shape of Miss Fanny Ward, who is now over sixty, seen with her daughter, Lady Plunket, on her arrival at Waterloo. To avoid confusion it must be pointed out that Miss Ward is the girl on the right

By Hynes

"I wonder why he married her? She's so painfully thin"
"I suppose she seemed to him like the last straw"

NO, Captain Woolf Barnato was not at Maiden Erlegh. The gallant captain was busy with an even greater endurance test elsewhere. "The Babe's" feat at Le Mans, when he and H. R. S. Birkin finished winners in the recent Grand Prix d'Endurance on the far from Ascot-like course over the rough French roads around this pleasant spot (congratulations also to the four Bentley cars on their magnificent performance) was a marvellous one, though to those who know this remarkable person not so very marvellous after all.

For all his life discomfort and danger have meant nothing to "The Babe." The first time I ever met him his face was smothered with dirt and oil, and his thumb was smothered with blood, for he had just used it, in spite of his agony, to plug up a leaky pipe during a motor boat race. He plays a first-rate game of cricket, too, and is a good sportsman and a good fellow in every sense of both words. Yet here is a man, enormously rich, who might lead a life of supreme ease and luxury. Good for him that he does not!

WIMBLEDON PROSPECTS

By PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

I SUPPOSE that every year one looks forward to the Championships with a fresh thrill of eagerness and expectation; certainly it is one of the few big fixtures which never seems to lose its great interest or its charm. This summer we have every reason to expect a wonderfully good Wimbledon, and what to us English folk, at any rate, is even more, a Wimbledon in which our English players may quite reasonably be expected to take a bigger and more important part than they have done for years past. The ultimate winners, however, particularly in the men's events, will, I fancy, come once more from France, whose "big three" have between them held the coveted men's singles championship for five long years in the face of very strong international competition.

FRANCE is in a terribly strong position these days, for they have got not only these three great players (all so different in temperament and attack), René Lacoste (who has since withdrawn), Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra, but also quite a number of almost equally formidable young players, just a step or so below them. Even in Lacoste's regretted absence France is still formidable. Young Christian Boussus, a clever left-handed boy, with every stroke of the game at his finger ends, good-looking Pierre Landry, who always manages to give Cochet a fright whenever he plays him, De Buzelet, a beautiful volleyer, little "Coco" Gentien, a very fine match player, and half a dozen more besides. Their chances of winning the men's singles and doubles championships this year are, I fancy, very high, for Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon, in addition to their extreme brilliance and ability, have the great advantage of being perfectly "at home" on the centre court.

THIS may not seem a very large thing to turn the scale of success, but these French boys have all been through so many hairbreadth escapes, so many close matches, and so many thrills generally on the "Centre" that its vast crowds and its generally rather unsettling environment have no further terrors for them whatever. They all like the grass surface, and although they do not, of course, get very much practise on it, they seem to accustom themselves to the different bound of the ball more quickly than any of the other foreign competitors. Apart from France, however, America will provide us with a good many thrills this coming Wimbledon, and Miss Helen Wills (whose last tournament it will be before her marriage) is a very great player, whose complete supremacy will, I think, not be very severely tested.

J. L. Carstairs

The Man who Went to Wimbledon once too often!

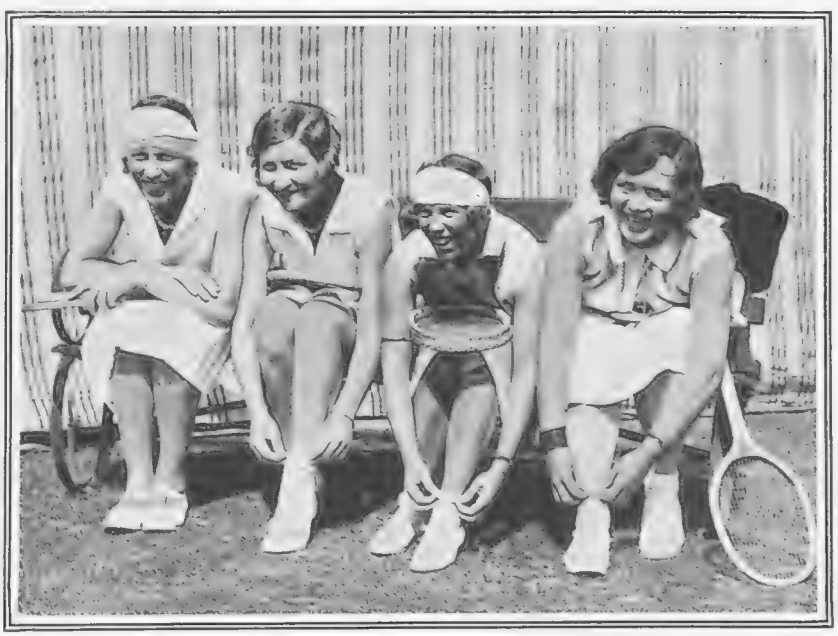
MRS. PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

The well-known lawn tennis player, who reached the final of the Ladies' Championships at Wimbledon in 1919 and has many notable victories to her credit, knows the game and its players inside out. She here provides an intimate analysis of leading players in the Championships and discusses their chances.

IN these five years (for it was in 1924 that she came first to this country) Miss Wills has strengthened her game in every respect. She has *far* more reserve power than she had then, and in addition she has become ever so much more mobile on the court. Her game is like herself, straightforward and simple. "Trick" shots play a very small part in her *répertoire* of strokes, and she wins her matches by the sheer pace and "placing" of her powerful forehand drive.

NO one will be more welcome by the "Gallery" at Wimbledon than "Big Bill" Tilden, for he is unquestionably a player of great personality and charm. The day when he gives up lawn tennis will be a very sad one for the game, for he has the great gift of "drawing a gate" which comparatively few players, no matter how great they may be, seem to possess. Amongst the other Americans, having watched "Junior" Coen playing on the Côte d'Azur this Spring I venture to predict a good Wimbledon for this plucky youngster, with the fine forehand drive, while Hennessey and Lott are too well known already to need any description. Allisson and Van Ryn are coming also, and, of course, that great hitter, Frank Hunter, whose drive, if it is "functioning," strikes terror in every opponent's heart.

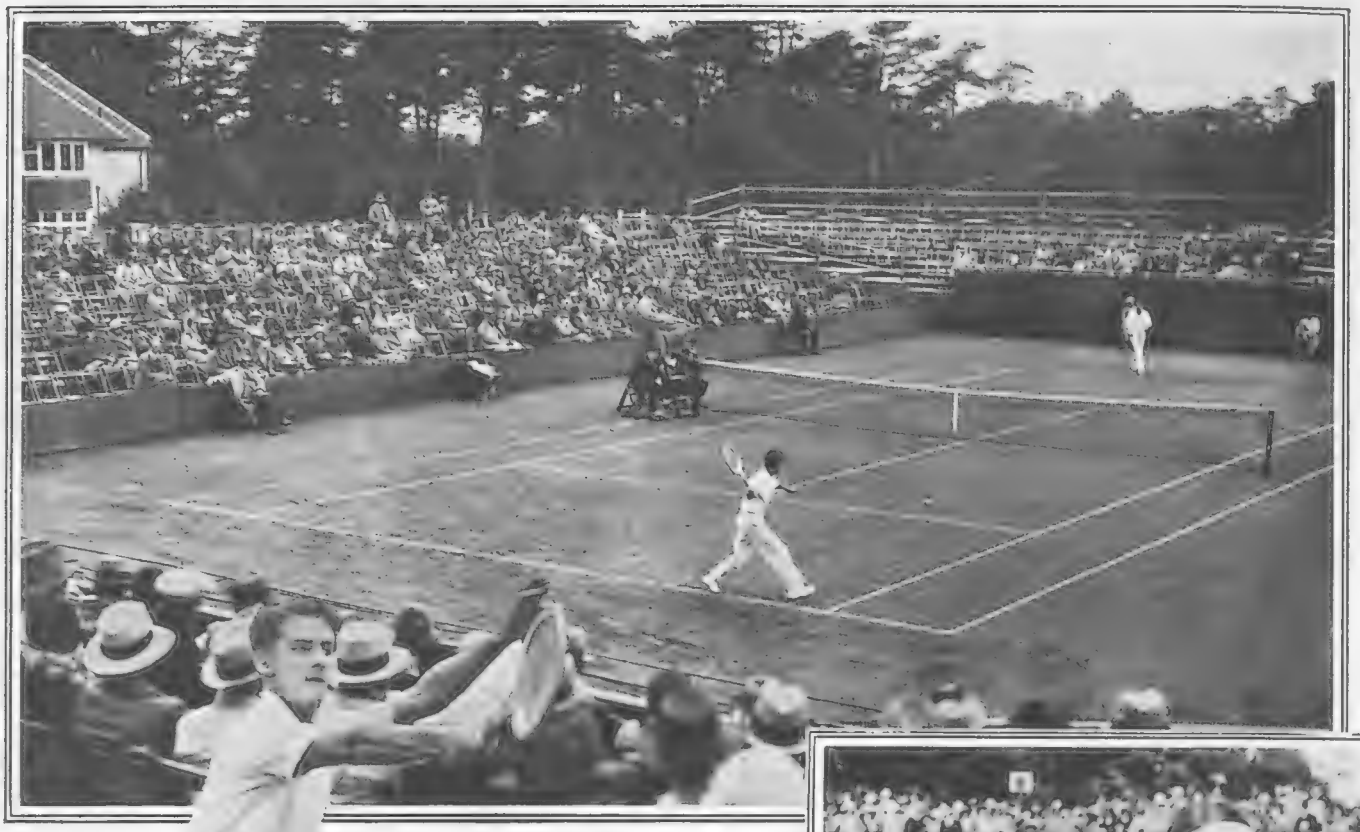
APART from Miss Wills, we must welcome back a very famous "star" of former years, *née* May Sutton, who, as Mrs. Bundy, is pluckily making yet another attack on the championship (which she won in 1905 and 1907), and she is accompanied also by two newcomers, Miss Edith Cross (Miss Wills's new doubles partner), pretty Marjorie Morrill, who has played a great deal on the Riviera, Miss Helen Jacobs and Mrs. "Molla" Mallory. (These last two, of course, have played over here before.) The South African girls are sure



STOCKINGS OR BARE LEGS? L.N.A.

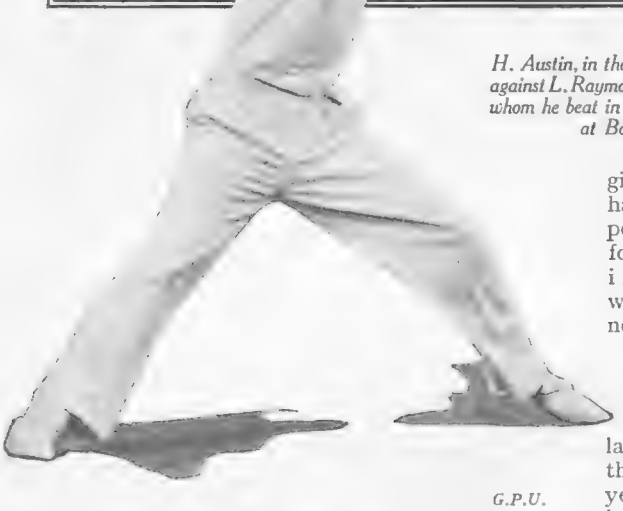
A group of players snapped at the Chiswick Tournament lately. The odds here are 3 to 1 against stockings

LINES ON THE CHAMPIONSHIPS:



Sport and General

H. Austin, in the foreground, in action against L. Raymond, the South African, whom he beat in the Davis Cup match at Bournemouth

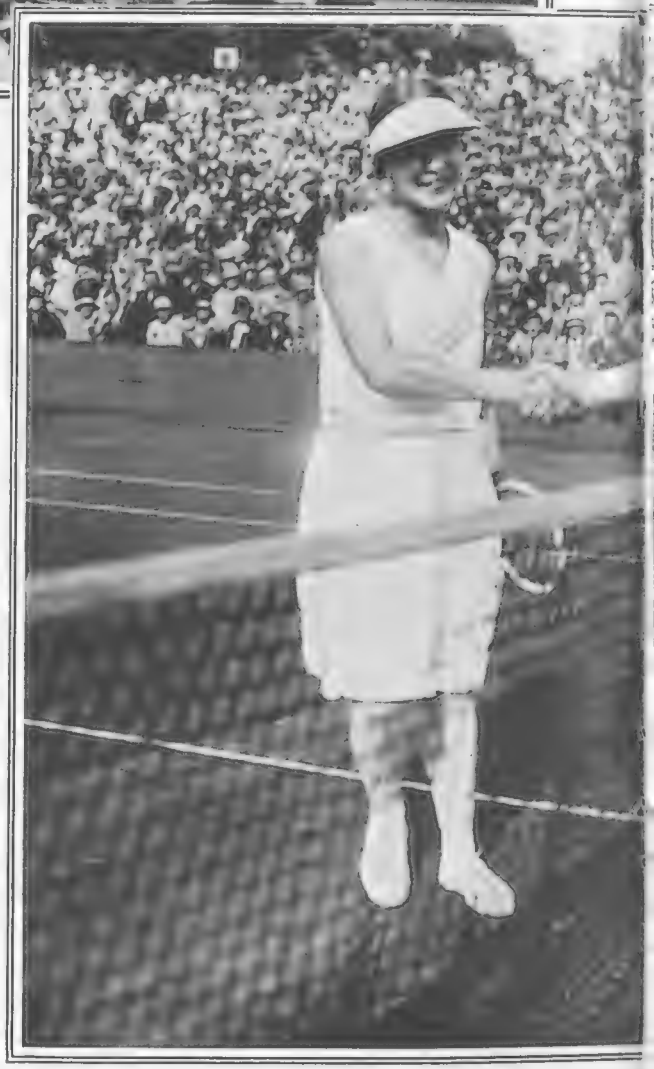


G.P.U.

A "close up" of H. W. Austin, whose play and stamina have both improved since his world-tour experiences

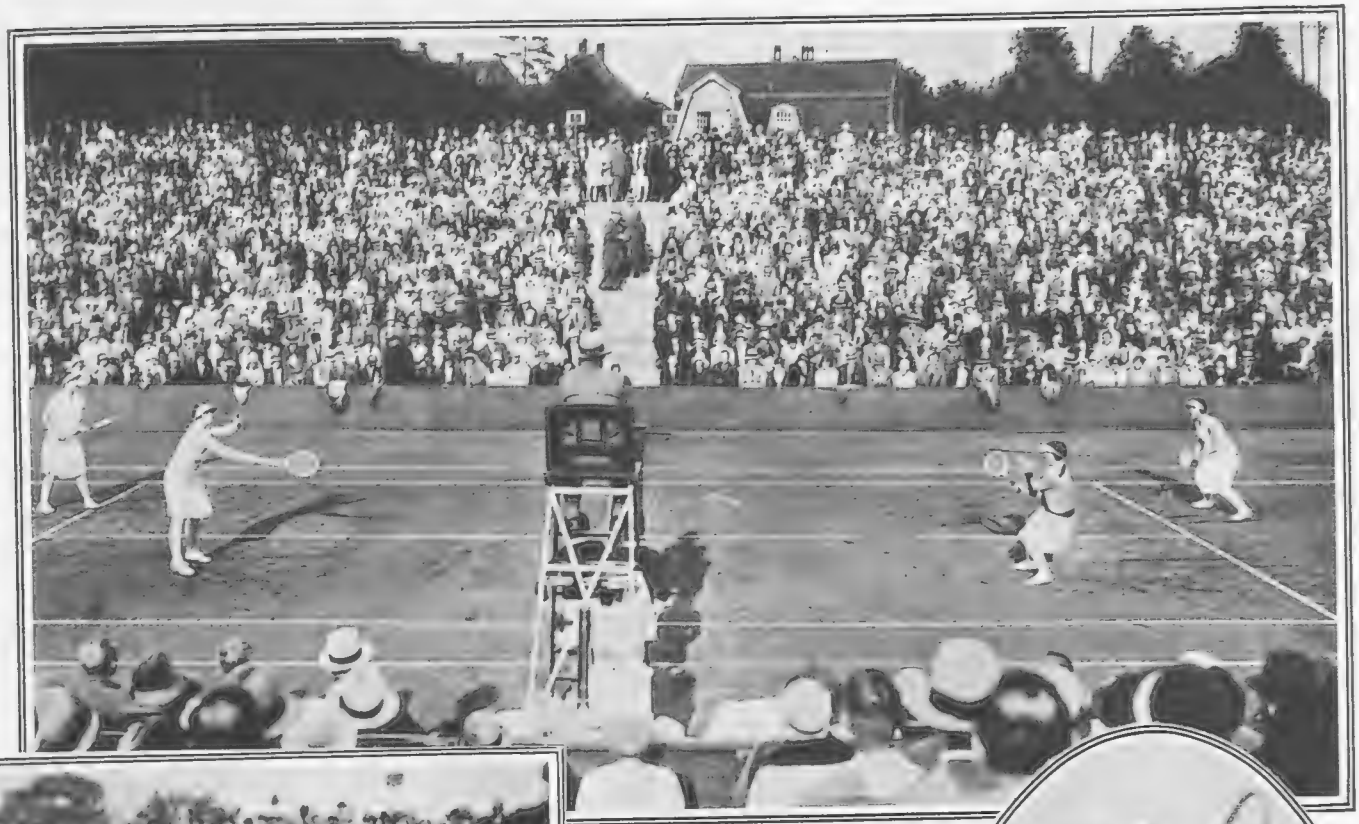
to attract a good deal of attention, for Miss "Bobby" Heine has one of the prettiest and most forceful games I know, while little Miss Tapscott, who was one of the first members of the great "bare-legged" movement, is well known already to Wimbledon audiences.

FRANCE is sending, amongst others, two very interesting girl players, neither of whom, although they have won many prizes abroad, has ever been to Wimbledon before. These are Madame Mathieu (who won the Junior Championship in France after she was married, and is still very young) and Madame Sylvia Lafaurie, surely one of the most brilliant and yet unorthodox stroke players ever seen. Of course, Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem, Germany's girl champion, will have plenty of supporters as usual, for she is a charming player to watch, who has never yet done herself justice at Wimbledon. Señorita de Alvarez, the ladies' finalist for the past three years, will, I fancy, be in very good form this Wimbledon, for she has been very much stronger all the winter, and has, in addition, been "training" very carefully and well. She is playing brilliantly in doubles as well as singles, and her volleying, which was never so spectacular as her ground strokes, has improved out of all knowledge. Of course, there are always a large number of foreign competitors at Wimbledon. One, Bela von Kerhling, from Hungary, is always capable of "staging" a great victory, and Baron de Morpurgo, Italy's best player, is a terribly hard man to beat. Little Jan Kozeluh, brother of the



Miss Helen Wills (right) shaking hands with Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem, victory was an easy one, but it takes something more

BIG MATCHES OF RECENT DAYS



Planet News

Miss Helen Wills and Miss Edith Cross (left), in the German Championships at Berlin. Miss Cross will partner the Champion at Wimbledon. This will be her first appearance here

Planet News

the German champion, after she had beaten her at Berlin. The than a good player fully to extend Miss Helen Wills

famous "pro" and champion of Czecho-Slovakia, is another lovely player. The Japanese pair, Ohta and Miki, will be well worth watching, while Prenn and Moldenhauer, from Germany, play the modern men's doubles game to perfection, and are indefatigable in singles also.

HAVE purposely left our English players to the last, and I only wish I had more space to speak of them all. Amongst the men I fancy "Bunny" Austin's chances the most, for he has improved immensely since last year both in health and in his game generally. Mr. Gregory and G. Collins (the Scottish Champion) are two more who should go far this year. Young Olliff, too, is very useful, also Charles Kingsley, H. K. Lester, and Nigel Sharpe.

P. H. SATTERTHWAITE.

Sport and General

"Big Bill" Tilden disappointed his many admirers last year, and Anno Domini was supposed to be the cause. This year, however, he is threatening a "Come Back"

A WOMEN'S WHO'S WHO OF THE COURTS

Topical Press

Our Davis Cup team photographed before their departure for Hungary where they gained a victory. They are: H. W. Austin (left), J. C. Gregory, A. D. Prebble (non-playing captain), G. P. Hughes and J. G. Collins

MISS HELEN WILLS

Occupies a unique position in women's lawn tennis world to-day, for she holds the English, American, and French Singles Championships at the same time, a feat never before achieved by any woman player. Her speciality is her forehand drive, which is extremely well-placed and very powerful as well. She practises always against men players and is practically untiring. Besides her great skill at lawn tennis she is a very skilful artist.

SENORITA LILI DE ALVAREZ

Is quite the most brilliant of all the women players of to-day. She has been the finalist in the Women's Singles at Wimbledon for the past three years, and is the winner of numerous cups and championships abroad. The "Smiling Señorita," as the papers like to call her, is an extremely versatile person. She is a wonderful performer on skis and skates, and speaks five languages proficiently. She also writes brilliantly and has very original and decided views upon life in general. She is very probably going to the States in the late summer, where she hopes to meet Miss Helen Wills (or Mrs. Moody, as she will be then) on her home courts

MISS BETTY NUTHALL

Is one of the most popular of the young players. She is a great favourite with the gallery and has a happy knack of always securing the sympathy of the crowd. She is extremely talented and also experienced, for although she is only just eighteen she has played in open tournaments for quite a number of years. She makes a point of hitting every ball extremely hard, and one noticeable feature of her game is the way in which she takes the racquet back ready to strike long before the ball has reached her, thus enabling her to get a tremendous amount of force into her shots. She has been to America with the English Wightman Cup team, and has won many prizes on the Riviera this spring, notably the Ladies' Singles at Beaulieu and Monte Carlo, also the Beaumont Cup Women's Doubles with Mrs. Covell.

Sport and General

Señorita de Alvarez, who will be seen at Wimbledon again this year. The Spanish champion has been in good form recently

L.N.A.

J. Brugnon, the brilliant Frenchman. He is one of the finest doubles players in the world

FRAULEIN "GILLY" AUSSEM

Who is popularly known as the "German Lenglen," is a young person of great character. She provides probably one of the best examples of perfect footwork to be seen on the courts at Wimbledon this summer, and besides this great asset she has a wonderful gift of anticipation, always reaching the spot where the ball is coming to without seeming to hurry. Is far and away the best player in Germany at the present time, and is a beautiful dancer.

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

Is the present holder of the French Hard Court Mixed Doubles Championships, with Henri Cochet, and is considered to be in the very front rank of English girl players to-day. She is a wonderful example of what really good coaching, added to intense perseverance and determination, can do. Always a very brilliant player, she has worked and worked at her game until she has stabilised it to an amazing extent. She is a very popular figure on the Riviera, where she has a long list of prizes to her credit, and she was also a finalist in the Women's Doubles at Wimbledon last summer.

MADAME MATHIEU

Is quite the most prominent of the French women this year, and she leapt into fame some three years ago in France, when she won the Junior Championship after she was married. Now, at twenty, she is the proud possessor of two bonny children and was also the finalist in the Singles at the French Hard Court Championships this May, where she gave Miss Wills an extremely good game. She has the machine-like regularity of René Lacoste, but in addition she can, and does, hit the ball very hard indeed. She has not had time as yet to have won many big tournaments, but I predict a very big future for her if she goes on as she has begun.

MISS ELIZABETH RYAN

Stands out alone before everyone else as the best Women's Doubles player in the world. She has won more cups and championships, I should think, than any other woman living, and is practically untiring, for she plays tournament lawn tennis all the year round, without ever seeming to get stale or bored with it. She has won the Ladies' Doubles and the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon no less than five times each! She is also one of the finest exponents of the "chop" and "drop" shots living.

MISS "BOBBY" HEINE

Is the leading South African player of the year and is one of the most determined young players imaginable. Although she has spent most of her life on a far-away farm in Natal, she has nevertheless contrived to make herself into an extremely fine lawn tennis player, complete with what is even more difficult to acquire without practice than the strokes them-

(Continued on page 704)

THE YELLOW CHAIR

A FASHION CONTRAST FROM WIMBLEDON

Sport and General

THE NEW STYLE—

Mrs. Bundy, the American veteran, who will be seen at Wimbledon again this year, as she appears to-day

selves, a perfect lawn tennis temperament, and a most wonderful fighting spirit which serves her in good stead. She has already beaten Señorita de Alvarez once, and she should, if she is playing well, be an extremely difficult person to dispose of this Wimbledon.

Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem. A recent snapshot of the attractive German lady champion

MRS. BUNDY

(Miss May Sutton that was) is perhaps the most interesting personality at Wimbledon this year. As Miss Sutton she won the Ladies' Singles in 1905 and 1907, and it is interesting to note, *re* the present controversy of bare legs *versus* stockings, that I am told that when she appeared wearing a sleeveless tennis frock at some tournament there was a special committee meeting held to decide what was best to be done. Incidentally, I believe Miss Sutton augmented her tennis frock with short sleeves, and the incident closed. This year she is making a very sporting bid for the championship once more, with a formidable forehand drive which will take a lot of retrieving.

MLLE. KEA BOUMAN

The Dutch Champion, is a personality whom no one should miss seeing at Wimbledon. She is a very fine "all court" player who has all the strokes of the game at her fingers' ends. Why she has never done better at Wimbledon has always been a mystery to me. I am yearly expecting to see her in the Singles final. Besides her skill at lawn tennis she is a very expert violinist, and has a great sense of humour. With Señorita de Alvarez she won the Women's Doubles in the French Hard Court Championships in Paris this Spring.

MISS HELEN JACOBS

("The second Helen" as they call her in America) won her first tournament in England at the Gipsy meeting, where she beat her fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Mallory, in very easy fashion in the final.

MISS EDITH CROSS

Is Miss Helen Wills' new doubles partner at Wimbledon this summer. She is a very "heady" young player, although she is not very old in years, and, like most of the contingent from the States, has the great idea of attacking with each stroke she makes.

Sport and General

—AND THE OLD

Mrs. Bundy as she appeared at Wimbledon in 1907 when, as Miss May Sutton, she played in the Championships

A WOMEN'S WHO'S WHO OF THE COURTS

(*Continued from page 702*)

MRS. MICHELL

(*née* Peggy Saunders), is one of our leading English "stylists," and the famous "pro," Karel Koseluh, when he was training young players over here last season, thought more highly of her than any of the other girl players that he coached. The possibilities of her game are very great, and she has that wonderfully valuable gift of knowing the right stroke to play at the right time.

MISS PHŒBE WATSON

Is joint holder (with Mrs. Michell) of the Doubles Championship at Wimbledon, and is perhaps the best "baseliner," pure and simple, that we have in England at the moment.

MISS RIDLEY AND MISS FRY

"The two Joans" should stand alone as being the most untiring of all the English players at the moment. Neither of them ever seems to know the meaning of

GIRL PLAYERS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

Bassano

Miss Jacobs, the American player who has been hailed as "the second Helen Wills"

the word fatigue, and they can go on playing all day long, no matter how strenuous the matches, without turning a hair, or looking in the least bit distressed.

Miss Joan Ridley has perhaps the harder forehand drive of the two, but Miss Joan Fry is certainly the best "retriever" of impossible balls that I have ever seen.

MISS JENNY SANDISON

The pretty girl champion of India is well worth looking at, for she is making her first trip to England this summer, and she has the makings of a very fine player indeed. Handicapped by a badly blistered hand in the early part of the season, she was only able to start serious play again a couple of weeks ago.

MISS EVELYN COLYER AND MRS. RANDOLPH LYCETT

The "Babes" of a few Wimbledons ago, are close friends and a very pretty pair of doubles players as well. Miss Colyer is a great favourite with the action photographers, and she has a very fine overhand service.

G.P.U.

Miss Jenny Sandison, the pretty girl champion of India. This is her first visit to England

Keystone View

Miss Betty Nuthall (left) and Miss "Bobbie" Heine, of South Africa. Two attractive girls who will be well to the fore at Wimbledon

NEXT WEEK!

Next week's "Bystander" will deal further with the Championships and Wimbledon, and will include many action photographs.

THE CULT OF T

BY DE ROMEC

THE COCKTAIL

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A DIFFERENCE IN TEMPERAMENT

by

DAPHNE du MAURIER

Illustrated by Frank Oldham

HE leant against the mantelpiece, nervously jingling the change in his pockets. He supposed there would be another scene. It was so unreasonable the way she minded him going out without her. She never seemed to realise that he just had to get away sometimes—for no particular reason, but because it gave him a sense of freedom. He loved to slam the front door behind him, and to walk along the street to a bus, swinging a stick. There was something about the feeling of being alone he could not explain to anyone, not even to her. The delicious sense of utter irresponsibility, of complete selfishness. Not to have to look at his watch and remember, "I promised to be back at four," but at four to be doing something quite different that she would not know. The feeblest thing. Even driving in a taxi she had never seen; to have the sensation of leaning back and smoking a cigarette without turning his head and being aware of her beside him. He would come back in the evening and tell her about it; they would sit in front of the fire and laugh; but at least it would have been his afternoon—not theirs, but his alone.

This was what she resented, though; she wanted to share everything. She could never imagine doing things apart from him. She had an uncanny way of reading his thoughts, too. If he was thinking of something that had no connection with her, she would know it at once. Only she exaggerated it in her mind. She would immediately think he was bored with her, that he did not like her any more. It wasn't that, of course; it wasn't that at all. Naturally, he loved her more than anyone in the world; in fact, there literally did not exist anyone but her. Why did she not realise this and be thankful? Why must she chain him to her, his mind, his body, his soul, without allowing the smallest part in him to stray, even for a little distance? She should understand that he would never go far, he would never go out of her sight—metaphorically; but surely just to the top of that hill, to see what was on the other side. No, even this she must share with him.

"DON'T you see," she would explain, "that when I see anything or do anything there is no joy in keeping it to myself? I want to give everything to you. If I am alone and I see a picture that I love, or I read some passage from a book, I think to myself there is no meaning in this unless he knows it too. You are such a part of me that to stand alone leaves me dumb, without speech, without eyes. A tree with hatched branches, like someone with no hands. Life is valueless unless I can share everything with you—beauty, ugliness, pain. There must be no shadows between us, no quiet corners in our hearts."

Funny!—yes, he saw what she meant, but he could not feel like this. They were on different planes. In the universe they were two stars, she far higher, burning with a steady light, but he flickering, unsteadily, always a little ahead—and in the end falling to earth, a momentary streak in the sky.

He turned to her abruptly.

"I guess I'd better go and have lunch in Town to-day, after all. I promised that chap I'd see him again before he leaves, and I don't want to offend him. I'll be back early, of course." He smiled a shade too sincerely.

She looked up from the letter she was writing. "I thought you had arranged everything the last time you were together?"

"Yes — more or less. But I feel I ought to see him again, just once. It's a good opportunity to-day, don't you think? I mean, we

"He turned to her abruptly. 'I guess I'd better go and have lunch in Town to-day, after all'"

(All rights strictly reserved)

weren't going to have done anything; you're busy." He spoke easily, naturally, as if there was no question of her minding.

She was not deceived, though, not for a moment. Why was he never frank with her? Why not admit that he was no longer content to be with her, but must go out and seek any sort of distraction? It was his reticence that hurt her, his refusal to speak the truth. Like a wounded animal she spread out her claws to protect herself.

"You enjoy his company so much, when you have only known him for three weeks?" Her voice was hard and metallic.

He knew this voice. "Darling, don't be ridiculous. You know I don't care a damn whether I see this fellow or not."

"Why do you go, then?"

There was no argument to this. He yawned self-consciously and avoided her eyes. She waited without saying a word. He pretended to lose his temper.

"I've told you I don't want to offend him. It's a bit thick; there's always this same old argument whenever I go out. Good God, it's only for a few hours! If you had your way you'd leave me without a friend in the world. You seem to be jealous if I speak to a dog."

Jealous! She laughed contemptuously. He had misunderstood her again. As if she could possibly be jealous of the people he knew. It would be different if there was someone worth while. But this careless, selfish way he left her for anyone, for some creature he might not even see again! She despised the weak manner in which he shifted responsibility from himself.

"Go, then," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "since it pains you to hurt a comparative stranger. I'm glad you've let me know. I shall remember in future. Perhaps you've forgotten that last Monday you promised this sort of thing would never happen again. I realise now that I can't depend on you at all. I've been making rather a fool of myself over you, haven't I? Well, aren't you going?"

Her eyes were cold. She had wrapped herself in a sheet of armour.

He turned his back and looked out of the window.

"CHARMING little scene for nothing at all," he laughed lightly. "It's pleasant, isn't it, living like this? Makes such an attractive atmosphere in the house. Scarcely a day passes without some sort of discussion, does it?" He rocked backwards and forwards on his heels, whistling a tune. He knew that every word tore at her like a knife. He was pleased. He wanted to hurt her. He didn't care.

She sat quite still, pretending to do accounts on a piece of paper. Calmly, dispassionately, she wondered why she loved him. His cruel, selfish nature, the way he took everything from her and gave nothing in return. If he would only realise that the smallest touch of recognition from him, the faintest sign that he would give up something unimportant for her sake, would send a flood of warmth to her heart. He did nothing. She felt herself drawing farther away from him, a lonely figure in an imaginary train. A grey shadow

(*Continued on page 711*)

BY NORMAN KEENE

"MESMERISM"

in a world of shadows. There was no one even to wave good-bye.

He watched her out of the tail of his eye. Why must she always parade her suffering before him? Not openly, not something that he could get hold of and flaunt in her face, but quietly, with the resignation of a martyr. A tear ran down her cheek and fell on to the blotting-paper. Oh! hell—he wasn't going to stand for it. It was damn selfish of her, spoiling his day.

"Look here," he started, as if nothing had happened, "it's too late to put the whole thing off now. If you'd said something earlier, naturally I'd have done so. I won't be long, I promise. I'll be back soon after lunch."

Surely this was a compromise. He was going out of his way to be nice to her. He waited to see how she would take it.

"Don't forget your coat, there's a bitter east wind," she told him, and went on writing.

He hesitated a moment, wondering what to do. Did that mean everything was all right? No, he knew her too well. She would suffer the tortures of the damned until he returned. She would imagine every sort of accident. She would bottle up this scene in her mind, making more out of it than there had been. Why didn't he chuck away this footling lunch and stop with her? He didn't want to go now at all. He never had, really, all the time.

Another tear fell on to the blotting paper.

"Shall I not go after all?" he suggested weakly, pretending not to notice the tear.

She made a movement of impatience. Did he think she was to be won as easily as this? He was trying to save himself. He was anxious to make up to her, to kiss and be friends like a child, and then forget all about it until the same thing happened again. Did he really want to stay with her? She gave him one more chance.

"Do just as you think best. Don't attempt to stay unless you feel like it." Her voice was cool, impersonal.

Damn it all, she might show some sort of emotion. He had offered to stop, and this was how she took it. No, he didn't see why he should be always giving in to her. What a bore everything was. Why couldn't they live in peace? It was all her fault.

"Perhaps I'd better go, it looks rather rude," he said carelessly, and strolled from the room, banging the door on purpose. He wouldn't bother to put on his coat, it would serve her right if he caught pneumonia. He had a vision of himself, stretched on a bed, coughing and gasping for breath. She bending over him with an agony of fear in her eyes. She would fight for his life, but she would lose. It would be too late. He could see her planting violets on his grave, a solitary figure in a grey cloak. What a ghastly tragedy. A lump came into his throat. He became quite emotional thinking of his own death. He would have to write a poem about this.

From behind the curtains she watched him walk to the end of the street. She was sure he had forgotten her already. She felt she did not care what he did any more. It was all over. She rang the bell and began to scold the maid for no reason.

HE hated the lunch, the man was a bore—he couldn't even listen to what he was saying. He felt ill, too. His wish was probably coming true, and he was catching pneumonia. What a God-forsaken fool he was to have come. There was no point in it at all. He had probably been and mucked up his life just for this. And all the while the fellow was rambling on about a whole lot of damned silly people he never wanted to see again. He'd cut everyone out of his life in future, nobody mattered but her. They'd leave this beastly country and go and live abroad. Perhaps when he went home he would find she had left him for good. There would be a note pinned on the desk. What would he do? He couldn't live without her. He'd commit suicide, he'd chuck himself into the river. Surely she loved him too much to do this. He could imagine the house blank and silent, the wardrobes empty of her dresses, the desk bare. Gone, leaving no address behind her. No, she would not do it, it was impossible. It was cruel, it would kill him. What on earth was this idiot jabbering about?

"I told her frankly I wasn't going to stand for it. I haven't the money for one thing, and, besides, I've got to consider my reputation. Don't you think I was right?"

"Oh! perfectly—absolutely." He hadn't listened to a word. As if he cared about this fellow's hellish reputation.

"You know I must push off. I've got an appointment with my publisher," he lied.

Somehow he managed to get away. What did it matter if he was rude? The man had ruined his life anyway. He leapt into a taxi. "Drive like the devil!" he shouted. Stop, though, he suddenly had a longing to buy her something. The most priceless jewel—the most marvellous furs—anything. He would like to shower gifts at her feet. Perhaps there wasn't time for all this. It would have to be flowers after all. It was months since he had bought her flowers. How foul of him. He chose an azalea, an enormous one with pink waving buds. "This will last a month or more if it's watered frequently," said the woman.

"Will it really?" He became quite excited, he walked out of the shop clutching the pot in his arms. She would be pleased with this. A month! Pretty good value considering. The buds were small now, but they would open a little every day, they would get bigger, the plant would grow into a small bush. "The symbol of my love," he thought sentimentally.

SUPPOSING she had gone, though, supposing she had killed herself? He would go mad, he would scatter the petals of the azalea over her body with a wild, despairing cry. Rather an effective scene for the last act, he must remember this. No, by God, he would never write another line again, he would dedicate the whole of his life to her, to her alone. Oh! how he was suffering. If she only knew what he was going through. His heart was bursting, it had never happened to anyone in the world before. What had he done that he should suffer so? He was certain there would be an ambulance outside the door, they would be carrying her limp form on a stretcher. He imagined himself leaping from the taxi, and covering her pale dead hand with kisses. "My beloved—my beloved." No, the street was empty. The house seemed unchanged. He paid the taxi and opened the front door—silently, like a thief. He crept upstairs, and listened outside her room. He heard her move. Thank God! Nothing had happened then. He wanted to shout for joy. He burst open the door, a fatuous smile on his face.

Poor darling, had she been writing letters all day? Her face was white and strained. Why on earth was she looking so unhappy? Wasn't she pleased to see him back?

"Look," he stammered foolishly, "I've bought you an azalea."

She did not smile, she scarcely noticed the flower. "Thank you," she said in a dull voice. How inevitable of him. How unfeeling and unintelligent. Would he never understand her? Did he think he could just go off and enjoy himself after having broken her heart, and then bring back this plant as a peace offering? She could picture him saying to himself, "Oh! I've only got to buy her a flower, and then kiss her, she'll forget all about this morning."

If only it was as easy as that. His attitude wounded her, distressed her beyond measure. He had no heart, no delicacy of thought.

"Don't you like it?" he asked her, like a spoilt child.

WHY had he bought the beastly thing? His agony at lunch, his terrible impatience in the taxi, meant nothing to her. Everything was a failure. The azalea looked foolish and conceited in its big pot. It seemed quite different in the shop. Now it mocked him, the colour was vulgar, much too pink. It was a hideous type of flower altogether. It didn't even smell. He wanted to crash it to the ground.

"Are you going to make a habit of this in future—a reminder for each time you hurt me?" she asked him.

She loathed herself, she hated her words, she longed to say something entirely different. The atmosphere was terrible. Why couldn't they be themselves again? He had only to make the first move. But her speech stung him, she insisted on ignoring every word he said.

"My God," he shouted, "there'll never be another time. I'm finished with the whole damned business, finished. Do you understand?"

He left the room, and went out of the house. The door slammed behind him.

"But that's not what I meant," he thought, "that's not what I meant at all."

D. Du M.

PARIS GOSSIP

COSTUMES, CANINES and CONVERSATIONS

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated By NORMAN KAY

"'He has bitten,' said my friend proudly, 'some of the best people'"

SOME of my readers, I hear, are keen to hear my views upon fashions. So all the week I have been looking at collections and snooping about and staring generally, so take a good look at this article, for you will never get another one just like it, because I warn all of you, including the Editor, who I presume reads these weekly outbursts, that no girl can get the dope on fashions in Paris without losing either her reason or her virtue, and I have no intention of doing either.

BUT I will write a bit about Sport, too. I have just returned from the Polo, where, just to be different, they produced a dog-show. I went out there with a man friend who, the minute we arrived, was furious because he did not know there was to be a dog-show, or he would have shown his Schnauser.

"WELL," I said, "you could have brought one of two things out here . . . your Schnauser or me, because I would just as soon go out with a wild giraffe as with that damned dog." "What's the matter with my dog?" he asked in an offended manner. "What's the *matter* with your dog?" I echoed. "Why, you would have to add pages to his pedigree in order to boast about all the people he has bitten." "He has bitten," retorted my friend proudly, "some of the very best people, including my *concierge*." "Oh, well, if he has bitten your *concierge*," I apologised, "I am sorry that you have not shown him, because if the judges knew he was a *concierge*-biter he would certainly receive a blue ribbon."

SO we had tea, and saw rather a good polo match. I saw several *ensembles* of dark blue *crêpe de Chine* sprinkled with tiny polka dots, noticed that artificial flowers are coming in again, and that a great deal of *faille* silk is being worn.

THE funniest thing about the Polo de Paris is that you are so busy watching the best-dressed women in Paris, and conversation (that is, talking about them) is such a highly developed art in France, that you are only aware that a polo game is on when you hear a thundering noise and the players come pounding down the field, so that when you hear "*Sock!*" you look to see if the ball has landed in your tea-cup.

THERE is a famous fashion-writer in Paris who is always boasting about what gowns, etc., his "wife has chosen." "My wife," he says, "has chosen this model at Chanel and that model at Molyneux." So I do not see why I should not write about the things I choose.

I WENT to Hermes to "choose" a bathing-suit, but I came out with a pull-over. It is awfully good-looking: beige wool, with a great triangle of red and blue forming at the shoulders and coming down to a point just below the belt, about where Spider Pladner socked Frankie Genaro. They had another marvellous model there, with the new high belt-line woven in the weave (that sounds silly, but you know what I mean). Of course the model I chose does not make sense, as I have nothing to wear with it. There was something else at Hermes I decided to choose also, but unfortunately for me it happens to be in Monsieur Hermes's private collection and he would not let me take it. It is a darling little *carriæ* which belonged to the Prince Imperial, Napoleon IV.

WELL, anyhow, much yellow and brown is being worn, and will be worn. So being in my best "choosing" mood, I went into Henry *à la* Pensée, and chose a very smart bag of brown and yellow linen with a wooden top, and a scarf to match. So when I finally arrived home I said to my mother, "You see, I have bought this gorgeous bag and scarf, but I have nothing to wear with it"; and she said, "As far as I care you can hang yourself with the scarf." So I went shopping again.

(Continued on page 714)

BY ELICK

DEAR OLD SOUL: "*Excuse me, young man—are you going to bat?*"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 712)

EXIT "JAY MARTIN" — ENTER SYLVIA LYON

ALL the merchants along the Faubourg St. Honoré have decided to celebrate something or other, and great strips of deep blue and rose bunting have been strung across the street. All the shop-fronts have window-boxes of blue and rose hydrangeas, the lamp-posts are also decorated with flower-boxes, and the street is really beautiful, especially where it bursts into the Place Beauveau. So I decided to hang around there a while, as blue and pink flowers make me feel childish and sentimental—that is to say, do things for which I am not responsible.

Dorothy Wilding

Eleanor and Carla, the celebrated G Sisters. They have concluded a very successful season at the Carlton and Café de Paris, and are now off to Biarritz to dance during the summer season. They will be back in Town again in the autumn

IT seems that the Princess Bibesco has finally discovered that I am quite remarkable, and has asked me to visit her this summer in Roumania, where she has a couple of country houses which, they say, are quite gorgeous. And, in case things are quiet in Roumania, she thinks I might cause some excitement by writing about Queen Marie or talking Art to little King Michael in the hope that he might become interested in Art, so that when he grows up he will become a portrait-painter, which would be a decidedly original idea for a King. So, instead of the public's being forced to gaze upon countless portraits of Kings painted by their subjects, it would be a good idea if Kings turned the tables and painted portraits of their people.

SO I thought nothing could be so inspiring as an evening dress to start things off well, so while in the Place Beauveau I ordered a very chaste dress of white *crêpe* georgette, that is fairly short in front and very long in the back, at Marcel Rochas. It (the dress, not Marcel) is fastened at the shoulder by three narrow shoulder straps, and there is a tailored belt with a crystal buckle. A great amount of material is being used in the skirts of evening dresses, and probably "Fate" decided that I choose this one, so that, instead of making a hit in it, I will fall downstairs and break my neck in it, so that Roumania will be deprived of a great historian, or whatever you might call me.

"A black devil out of the Congo with jungle wiggles"

THERE is a most marvellous show at the Moulin Rouge. It is an all-American negro show called "Blackbirds." The star dancer is called "Snaky-Hips" somebody, and he is the greatest dancer, black or white, that I have ever seen, despite what I said a week or two ago about Jimmy Ray. The best part of the show was that I did not have to go to the Moulin Rouge to see it. I saw it at "Coco" Chanel's house, which is situated in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

THE party started at one o'clock. I did not arrive until half-past one, and I can tell you that I had what capital A art critics call an Æsthetic Disturbance, or what Freud would call something else. A negro band was playing music that sounded like *cream*. And a black devil out of the Congo with jungle wiggles, North American humour and sultry tragedy danced, and geniuses like Jean Cocteau and women like Lady Abdy.

WELL, during supper Madame Sert, one of the most brilliant women in Paris, in introducing me to Serge de Diaghileff, told him that I was a genius, and, although I have heard that before, my champagne glass went crashing to the floor, and Chanel said, "Oh, don't bother, it will bring good luck," and I said, "The only good luck it can bring *me* is if I write to the Editor of THE BYSTANDER what Madame Sert said about me, so he will realise how marvellous I am, and will let me write under my own name instead of a *nom de gloom*."

SYLVIA LYON.

[As a result, we have capitulated! Our racy correspondent appears this week as herself — Sylvia Lyon. EDITOR.]

"Bulldog Drummond" Disappoints

By
LADY ELEANOR SMITH

I have not met many movie magnates, but those I have actually encountered confirm my opinion that they are the most curious race of people under the sun. Take, for instance, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, a brilliant and astute man of affairs. Mr. Goldwyn recently visited this country, bringing with him the film "Bulldog Drummond," which he announced to be not only one of the finest mystery stories ever filmed, but also a technical *tour de force* which was destined to revolutionise the talkies. He was, he declared, ready to stake his reputation upon 'Bulldog Drummond," and he repeated this so often that I rushed to the Tivoli to await this masterpiece with bated breath.

I am scarcely a wild Sapper fan, but I have nevertheless followed with some attention the career of Hugh Drummond, pursuing this hero through vicissitudes which would have destroyed on more than one occasion a man of common clay; therefore I can perhaps claim to write on this subject with some authority, and say quite frankly that I, perhaps naïvely, expected to witness the amusing adventures of a giant Englishman and his band of merry young bloods; I had also the most felicitous recollections of a sinister and really alluring crook who possessed a raven-haired mistress and a small country house which, for some nefarious purpose of his own, passed as a private sanatorium. There was also a beautiful English maiden in perpetual distress, and I, not unnaturally, supposed that all these characters were about to come to life before my eyes on the Tivoli screen. I was doomed to disappointment.

Captain Drummond has crossed the Atlantic and returned to us a stranger, with the result that this gay story of post-War adventure has become just another crook film. Our vast hero is now a smallish, modest-looking man with melting brown eyes. The famous Peterson, emperor of the underworld, has become an incompetent swindler who inhabits a colossal feudal castle, which he shares with a plump blonde female and an impossibly theatrical doctor who looks like Count Dracula. The heroine is now an American girl, and the gallant band is represented by one exasperating quarter-wit with a monocle and an asinine giggle. Furthermore, this individual is actually smitten by the charms of the vamp, and appears desirous of asking her out to supper. Now what Drummond disciple has ever been on these familiar and amicable terms with Irma, the Female of the Species? No, no, Mr. Goldwyn; the real Sapper enthusiast will certainly desire your blood before the second reel is over.

Lilyan Tashman as the villainess of the piece holds up the long-suffering heroine (Joan Bennett) and Bulldog Drummond (Ronald Colman). The film is being shown at the Tivoli

A little rough stuff from Dr. Lakington, the arch villain of "Bulldog Drummond." In the American vernacular this film is very much of the "thick-ear" variety

The film is remarkable for the number of kidnappings which occur during the course of its narration; directly one character is rescued another vanishes, to be tortured by the Dracula-like Dr. Lakington with every appearance of sadistic enjoyment. Oddly enough, they never incur any really serious injury, but, once released, just hang about brightly until it is their turn to be abducted once more.

Ronald Colman impersonates the Bulldog with a certain diffidence.

"STRONG STUFF" AND A "DANGEROUS WOMAN"

L.N.A.

Corinne Griffith—considered by Hollywood to be the most beautiful star on the American screen. She is the leading star of First National Pictures

He is, as usual, charming, suave, and very romantic, but he is never for one moment the heavy and resourceful Captain Drummond of the book. He speaks well and clearly, but on more than one occasion I was somewhat shocked to discern traces of a slight but jarring American accent. Montagu Love is fair as Peterson, but would never, one felt, have made any real mark in the underworld; and Lilyan Tashman, apart from being an American blonde instead of a cosmopolitan brunette, puts plenty of spirit into the part of Irma. A pretty but obviously inexperienced actress, Miss Joan Bennett, plays the wistful Phyllis rather badly, while vocal honours go to Mr. Colman and Miss Tashman, both of whom record well. On the whole a disappointing evening, and one wonders whether Mr. Goldwyn's rhapsodies were meant to be taken seriously.

I was much amused, by the way, to notice the American idea of a typical English country inn. At two o'clock in the morning a melodious rustic is to be observed serenading the barmaid—more American than Broadway itself—while thirsty guests, undeterred by this impassioned tenor, are served with as much alcoholic refreshment as anyone could possibly desire. A friend of mine, struck by this idyllic picture, ventured to remonstrate with an American movie power.

"You know," he said, "that's not very like a real English inn. It's a farce—a travesty."

"Maybe," replied the power succinctly, "but it's prettier that way; and who cares, anyhow?"

"A Dangerous Woman"

Baclanova is in danger of being transformed from a brilliant actress into a banal type. She is already straying down that dangerous path trodden by Pola Negri and Nita Naldi, and if she is not careful this fine artist will soon find herself for ever catalogued as a vamp.

In "A Dangerous Woman" she plays the part of a Russian siren married to a British Commissioner living in the wilds of Africa. This lady is bored by her strong, silent husband, and her one amusement is that of preying upon the inexperienced youths who periodically arrive from England imbued with the true "White Cargo" ideas of public-schoolboy wholesomeness and ignorance. Anything male is grist for Tania's mill, although after causing at least one suicide you might have supposed that she would perhaps pause for a moment's reflection. Your true vamp is, however, an industrious creature, and Tania, apparently much encouraged by the success of the suicide, immediately tries her wiles upon the adored younger brother of her boring husband.

She is successful almost at once, but the boy, unnerved by the monotony of the dreary rainy season, blurts out the whole story to his brother, who decides that this time Tania has gone a step too far. It would be unfair to divulge the climax of this very exciting story, which, although it borrows freely from "White Cargo" and "Rain," nevertheless manages to achieve an original and most sensational *dénouement*, in which a prominent part is played by a poisonous snake.

The film is all-talkie, and is splendidly played by Clive Brook, the English film actor who was recently on a visit to this country, as the long-suffering husband and the star herself, whose fascinating Russian accent is one of Paramount's greatest assets. It is a perfect example of that type of highly coloured, melodramatic entertainment which would be intolerable on the stage, but which, translated on the screen, somehow becomes very good fun indeed.

E. S.

AMERICAN NEWS ITEM By Viola Golden

Sad spectacle of a gentleman who tried to serve a court summons on the gentleman above, whom he mistook for Lon Chaney

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THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE

SERVANTS AND DUCHESSES

Illustrated by KIPPA

"This infuriates the footman"

COUNT POTOTSKI has brought over a polo team from Poland, which is, I believe, the first time that a Polish team has been here. There is something rather romantic about Poland, isn't there? One associates it with wolves and wastes of snow and other adjuncts to romance. As a matter of fact, Poland is about the only place left where there is a rich aristocracy and things are still kept up in a feudal manner.

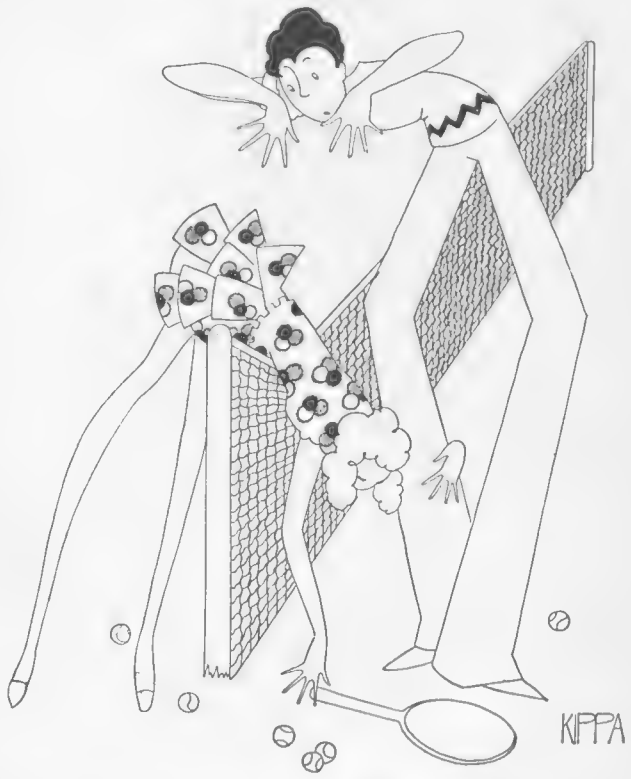
AT some of these old castles there are still major-domos who come to your room in the morning and ask what it would amuse you to do during the day. You can hunt wolves or go for a sleigh drive, or, if it is summer time, spend a week-end in a hunting box, almost as if you were back in the Middle Ages. There are hundreds of servants all waiting to pick up your handkerchief or fetch you a drink, or run a message. It is all perfectly delightful, but a little overwhelming, because I, for one, feel that I ought to invent jobs for them, and, not being used to this magnificence at home, I get embarrassed.

THE same thing happens to me when I go out in a car with a footman. We draw up at a shop, and before the footman can leap to the ground I have wrenched open the door and am into the shop. This infuriates the footman, and I realise that I have forgotten my place. Thank heaven, it is not often that my friends lend me their cars, for I get so exhausted trying to remember that I must loll back and do the Vere de Vere act that I am frightfully relieved when I can get back into a 'bus and fend for myself.

BUT to return to the subject of polo, from which I was lured by the fascinations of Poland. (This is not meant to be a pun, although it is really better than most.) At this time of year the wives are all as catty as can be about their husbands' play. You see rows of beautifully dressed women watching the ponies slip and slither; you see men performing prodigies of valour and hitting the ball with that lovely, clean, smacking sound which echoes across the field, and all the dear little wives glaring at each other when they think that the other woman's husband has put in some bad team-work.

My word! how the women can talk, but it's not as bad here as it is in India, where the females know just as much about the game as the men, and you can hear them arguing amongst themselves, in a jargon consisting of English and Hindustani.

Out there the woman has probably had more than a hand in making and breaking the ponies, and your



"There is one particular pro in England who hypnotises me"

Pond's two new preparations which hundreds of women are now adding to their daily toilet. Pond's Freshener closes the pores and invigorates the skin. Pond's Cleansing Tissues are entirely replacing towels or any other method of removing cold cream after use. They are silky soft and exquisite to use.

MISS JEAN COLIN — the lovely young girl who took June's place at the Hippodrome and achieved fame in an evening, says: "I think *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* are an important step forward because now you are lifting the cold cream and impurities *out* of your skin instead of rubbing them further into the pores. Towels are not made to absorb cold cream. It is foolish to expect them to do what these delightful soft tissues are specially made to do." With regard to the *Skin Freshener*, Miss Colin said "It is a tribute to this astringent that my skin, which is particularly sensitive, never feels any harshness in it. It is the mildest astringent I have yet discovered and it performs its task perfectly, in closing the pores and enlivening the skin."

Jean Colin

If you have not tried these preparations, send 1/- for a Four-sample package to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 398), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C. 1.

Lovely women, many of them famous gave Pond's the inspiration for these two delicious new products. They pointed out to Pond's, that to keep the skin in ideal condition, two supplementary preparations to their two famous creams are required. So now they have added the *Cleansing Tissues* for removing cold cream, and the *Skin Freshener* as a mild and perfectly safe astringent.

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MISS JOAN BARRY—sweetly pretty, with the complexion of a rose—who had such an outstanding success in the leading part of "Mrs. Moonlight," says: "Your new *Cleansing Tissues* are a luxury and necessity combined. They are a luxury because they are so soft and gentle to the skin, and they are a necessity because obviously there can be no better way of removing *Cold Cream*. No wonder these *Cleansing Tissues* have immediately caught on. With regard to the *Skin Freshener*, I adore it. It is simply delicious and makes the skin feel glowing with life. I consider it a great addition to the toilet table."

Joan Barry

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THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE (continued from page 718)

true *Mem-sahib* hurries round the ponies before the *chukker* begins, fussing about the ponies' boots and adjusting the bits. Women are terrors when it comes to games, for they lose all sense of humour, and when you get a "horsy, gamy" woman you had better throw in your hand.

THERE is the usual excitement about the tickets at Wimbledon and the usual annoying way that Fate manages one's affairs. Somebody always offers you a spare ticket the one day that you are booked to attend some important meeting, and the remaining days when you have nothing to do you throw out hints and get no result.

I come away from Wimbledon convinced that I am really a very good player, and that I only need a few lessons from a pro. to make me first-class. There is one particular pro. in England who hypnotises me. When he is with me I can manage the most lovely back-hands and my fore-hand is a dream and delight. Not long ago I said to him, artlessly, "If I had you always with me I should be a really good player." The man gave me one look of terror, and I realised that he thought I was making him improper proposals.

I AM enthralled by the economies which people propose to make in the near future, because the Labour Government has come in. One woman told me that she was going to do without a kitchenmaid, which, according to her, would prove a huge economy.

However, if Miss Bondfield has her way, according to the speech she made the other day, there is to be a compulsory eight-hour day for servants. What a bright and delightful thought! If they are downstairs by seven, according to this plan, they will have finished work by four o'clock. I suppose we then cook ourselves an egg, and spear a sardine, and wash up and leave everything tidy for the morning.

The only drawback to this Utopia is the attitude of the servants themselves, who object to being told that they must leave off work when it pleases Miss Bondfield.

"I'll Bondfield her," was the way that a friend's parlour-maid expressed it.

I FANCY that the Labour Government will find that there are a good many obstacles to some of their cherished plans, as, for instance, that of Disarmament. Everything in the garden would be roses if the whole world would disarm, but do you suppose that Germany means to beat her sword into a ploughshare until she has revenged herself on France? I was over there last week and we were discussing the film about Nurse Cavell, and I explained that it was very fair and not at all biased.

"Oh," said a delightful girl, "that is not the reason we won't show it, but it is anti-war, and we don't want that sort of talk over here!" And that, let me tell you, is the feeling of a large part of the population in Germany, for a German is a German before anything else.

"It is very smart to go in for dog-breeding"

RICHMOND seems to specialise in smart sporting functions, for the Horse-Show is over, and now there is the big Dog-Show. I can't tell you why, but while most dog-shows are merely shows, Richmond's is a function. You generally go there looking very smart in a new gown and you get yourself up more as if you were going to a garden party than to a show. Of course, nowadays it is very smart to go in for dog-breeding, not like in the old days, when it was considered hardly more respectable than bear-baiting.

YOU can wallow in titles if that amuses you, for there is Lorna Countess Howe, who looks like a delicate French Marquise, Baroness Burton who can sign herself "Burton" just like a man, which must, I think, be frightfully intriguing; the Duchess of Newcastle, who is a household word wherever a terrier is kept; Una, Lady Troubridge, and Lady Kathleen Pilkington.

So if you aren't very keen on dogs, but you have a *penchant* for a nice title or two, you had better go to Richmond. You might have a bit of luck and get bitten by a titled dog, and then the titled owner would be obliged to speak to you, which would, of course, be perfectly thrilling.

As one doggy person said to me: "It's nice to see a Duchess strolling about as unaffected as if she were in her private boo-doir."

I quite agree; for thank Heaven I am a proper snob, and I simply adore Duchesses.

Chloe

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SOME AMERICAN NIGHTS

By HANNEN SWAFFER

EDNA MAY

Who made her name and captivated the Town in "The Belle of New York" when it was first produced in London

T. Fall

You can say what you like about these American actresses, but they do make conversation. I don't mean the modest ones like Marion Lorne, who came over with Walter Hackett, her husky Californian husband, and had to act brilliantly for years before anybody took any notice; the very proper ones like Pauline Chase, who was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, with Ellen Terry and Sir James Barrie as godparents; or the quiet violet ones like Gertrude Elliott, now Lady Forbes-Robertson, or the more tiger-lily beauties like her more thrilling sister, Maxime.

THINK of the Duncans now, one a blonde baby, the other more Wendy-like. They suddenly appeared in *Pins and Needles*, and not only caused a riot, like all Americans do everywhere, every night, but, when they returned some time later, had to deny elaborately that they did not give the interview about the Prince of Wales and the King of Spain that appeared in the *New York American* with screaming pictures. Then, on their third trip, there were wild scenes at the Gaiety, sudden illnesses, panics, "Bravo, the Duncans," and then a quiet exit, after long rows in the theatre.

TALLULAH came here quietly and got her job in *The Dancers* by persistence, tempered with luck, was called "Swanface" by Sir Gerald du Maurier, and then, for a reason no one yet knows, was yelled at by excited flappers and frowsy females every time she took off her corsets on the stage. May I suggest that any woman can take off corsets? Yet Sir Patrick Hastings, when she acted in his *Scotch Mist*, called her the greatest actress in England!

MARY NEWCOMB gave up the stage and married her third husband, Alexander Higginson, who had £6,000,000. They hated New York—he was a Boston man—and so, the Boston theatre being, in comparison, a one-night stand, she came to England to act in *Jealousy*.

"If I had failed, it might have been my last night on the stage," she said to me.

She got the notices, although the public stayed away. Now she is starring in *The Infinite Shoeblack*. While no English actress can perform in America in a second show without coming back, the wife of a £6,000,000 American can act here indefinitely, although she does not want the money.

NORA BAYES, who became a London noise after Shirley Kellogg had followed Ethel Levey as the rag-time star—Heavens, the way that Shirley Kellogg was boosted, to the accompaniment of sneers and grins and jealous scowls!—forced her way into popularity with "Broadway Blues" and "My Sweetie Went Away." Then she failed the next time. I implored her to change her songs, but she only quarrelled. She went away, sickened in New York, and died.

MEANWHILE, Sophie Tucker, her old rival, whom she had pushed out of a show years before, returned to London and proved more popular than ever.

Sophie's first farewell at the Kit-Cat Club was the greatest cabaret entertainment London has ever seen. She roped in Irving Berlin, with whom she had sung pleadingly for pennies in a low joint in the Bowery, when the two were young. Half the stars in London had to sing. Sophie was the queen that night. She had risen to earning, sometimes, nearly £1,000 a week by then, while Irving Berlin had married the daughter of Clarence Mackay, a nail in New York's diamond horseshoe, who became estranged from his daughter because she had married a Jew, and, yes, because she had married Rag-time.

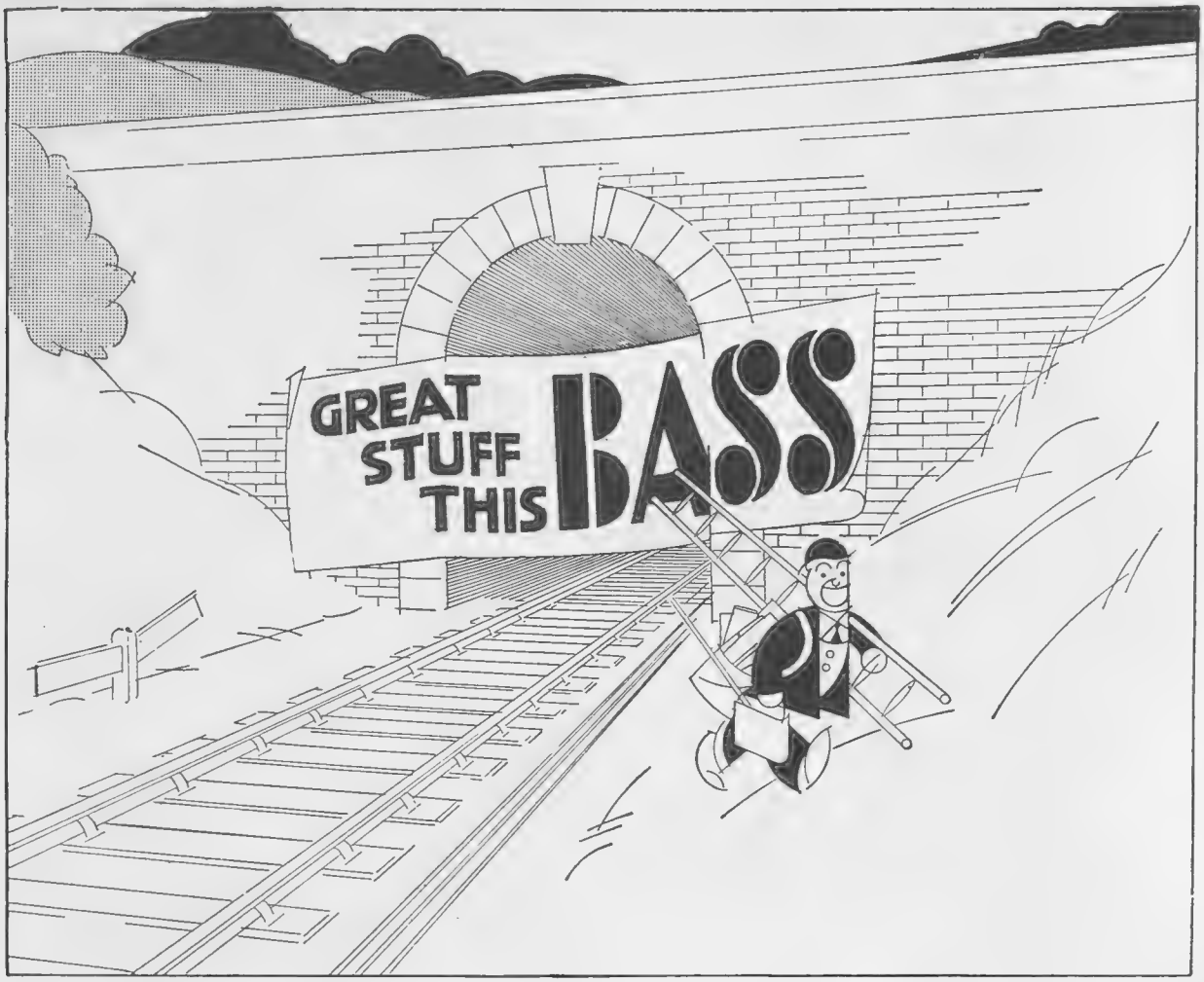
EDNA MAY'S burst into glory happened years ago. When *The Belle of New York* failed in America and it came here, Edna, who had been suddenly dragged from the chorus at rehearsal and made leading lady, came too, though her sailing was so modest that she cried on the deck because she had leaned against the paint and ruined the coat George McLellan bought her because her own was not warm enough. Within a few weeks a duke had to be thrown away from her dressing-room door. People fought to see her, almost. She married a millionaire. She is still beautiful and still a gracious personality, certainly an example to her kind.

(*Continued on page 724*)

Foulsham and Banfield

PAULINE LORD

Who gave a wonderful performance in "Anna Christie." She has not appeared in England since the end of that play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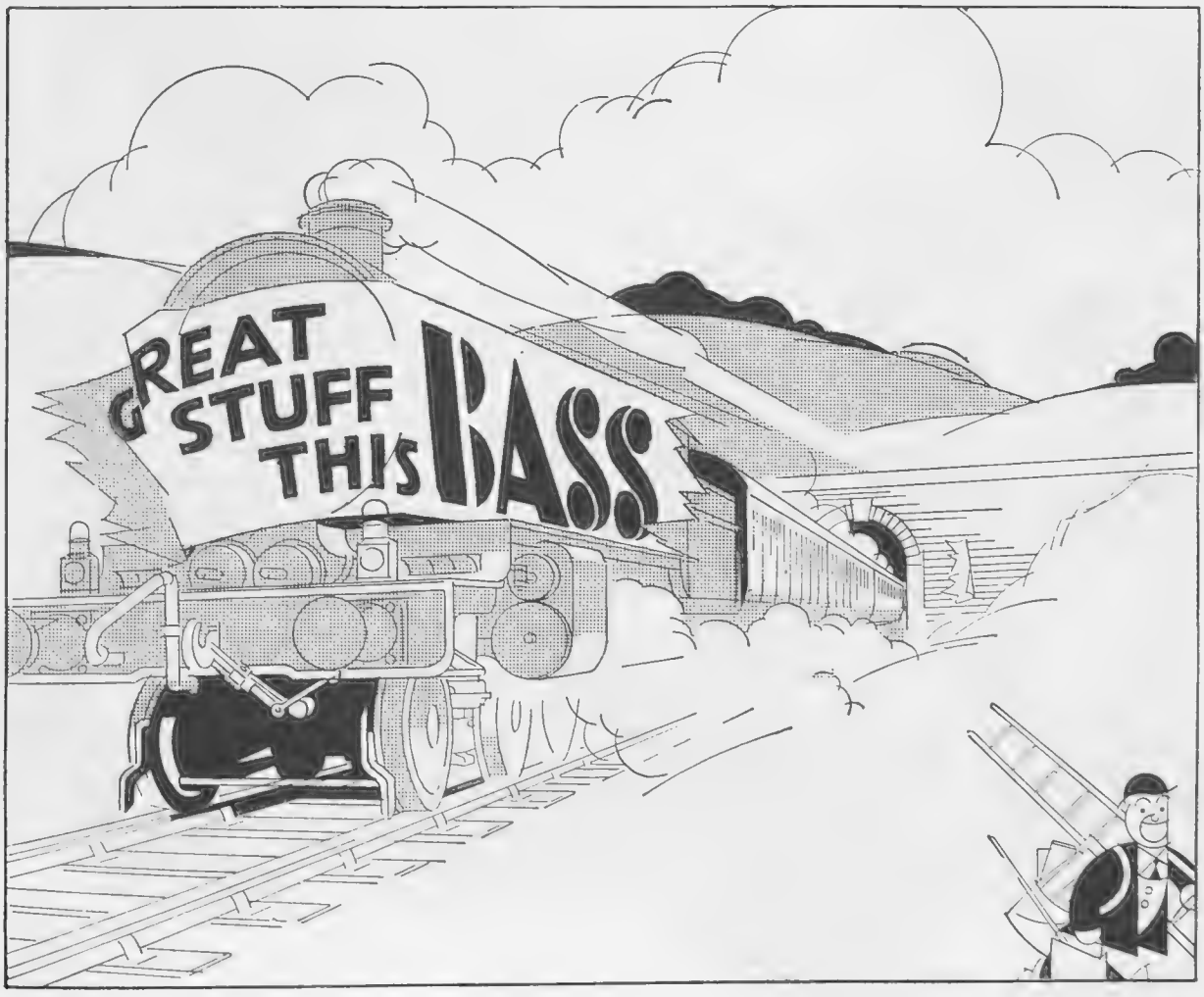
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

SOME AMERICAN NIGHTS (continued from page 722)

YET Pauline Lord had quite as wondrous a reception. Arthur Hopkins brought her here in *Anna Christie*, the first play by Eugene O'Neill that London saw. Seldom has there been such a shout as that which followed the second act. Yet *Anna Christie* failed, and Pauline Lord has not been back.

PAULINE FREDERICK'S first performance in London was of another kind. She acted in *Madame X*, an old-fashioned play which made the sophisticated smile. Yet a vast crowd of film fans stormed the theatre, forced their way into the stalls to get signatures from film stars of whom I had never heard, gloated over Pauline, leered, made noises that were horrible, and mobbed her.

Heavens, what a wonderful thing Art is! "We have never been in a theatre before," admitted some of the foolish girls who cheered. I hope they will never go again. Pauline cried when she read my description of that scene. We are friends again now.

ADELE ASTAIRE ran round with her brother in *Stop Flirting*, and, for some reason, London liked it. I think they could train monkeys to do it. Still, she and her brother had to run round again in *Lady Be Good*. By that time, though, Adele had become a clever comedienne. The two came back in *Funny Face*, but since then I have scarcely ever heard of them. I used to see Fred with royalty in a stage box. Now, people have forgotten that he owned a racehorse. He and his sister, though, earn their £600 a week and a share.

THEN there was the excitement of Laurette Taylor. If you remember, she played in *Peg o' My Heart*, written by her husband, the sort of part that anyone can play. Everybody who played *Peg o' My Heart* was a success. And, by the way, speaking of Helen Ford, who has failed since in *Coquette*, everybody who played *The Patsy* was a success. And, speaking of Peggy O'Neil, another American excitement, everybody who played in parts like hers in *Paddy the Next Best Thing* was a success.

You throw it at them—and they jump.

PEGGY has tried musical comedy since those days, been engaged to a Serbian sculptor, she has told us, had a silver bath at the American Women's Club, and done all sorts of wonderful things, including acting for Edgar Wallace.

Poor Laurette, when she came back in *One Night in Rome*, was interrupted by paid-for rioters on the first night. They brought the curtain down. Laurette fainted. David Belasco knelt by her side, held her hand, and said, "Be a good soldier."

I would love to be an American actress. Gee! The thrill you must get!

Come over and scream, and they all yell their eyes out.

OH, yes, and Dorothy Dickson has played Peter Pan, which I have nearly forgotten.

Then, of course, I must include Florence Mills. Poor Florence died, and then Josephine Baker, her vulgar rival, flew over to appear at a Florence Mills Memorial Concert at the London Pavilion. It was a jamboree that might have taken place at Birmingham, Alabam. Negroes had a time that day! Florence was a great woman. Josephine merely showed her knees.

WE now have six American leading ladies acting in London. Usually they do not amount to much, boosted though they are. Go to the Palladium, use a twang, and hear them scream.

Of all the list I have recited I would say that Nora Bayes was the most successful as a strident personality; that Sophie got away beautifully with the blonde-haired mammy stuff; that, in their time, Edith Day and Edna May were twin stars of surpassing brightness; that Pauline Lord was the best actress of the lot; that Florence Mills was the greatest artist; and that Shirley Kellogg got more publicity than all the rest put together. But that was Albert de Courville.

No, you need not go to Broadway. It is the Broadway that leadeth to destruction. Sit here and wait till it comes to you. And do not get your chewing-gum mixed up with your moustache. That is not the Dawes plan. He is clean-shaven.

H. S.

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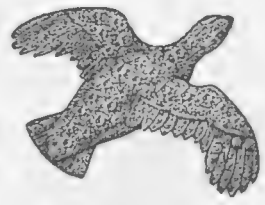

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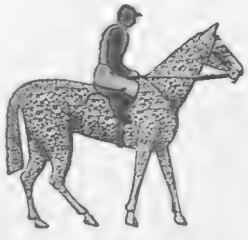

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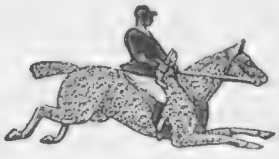
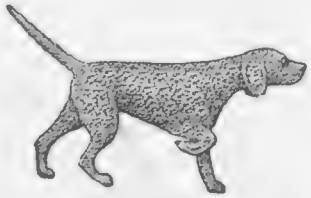
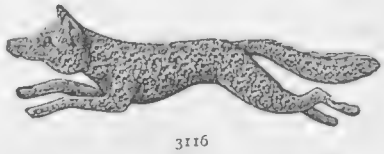


3121
Huntsman.
£48 10 0

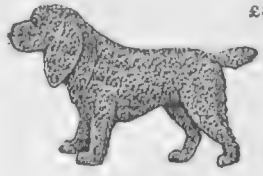
3128
Scotch Terrier.
£45 0 0



3119
Pointer.
£47 10 0



3116
Fox.
£63 10 0



3115
Cocker Spaniel.
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And they lived happily ever after!

From a 1919 De Reszke advertisement

They have three children now, and a Rolls-Cowley saloon, and she says she can't imagine what he could have seen in her when she wore those ridiculous clothes of ten years ago. He doesn't agree on that, but they are quite agreed about De Reszke cigarettes. They smoked them then, and they smoke them now, and the cigarettes at least have not altered. They are still the fine aristocrats they were, the only difference being that, thanks to their ever-growing sales, they can now be bought at the popular price of 10 for 6d.

DE RESZKE *Virginias*

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

W. F. MORRIS

Who in "Bretherton: Khaki or Field Grey?" (Bles: 7/6), gives some really excellent descriptions of French warfare and clever studies of the "front line" men

KINGS AND QUEENS AND A COWARD

By RALPH STRAUS

So Mr. Shaw's new play is about a king in the near future, and apparently Mr. Shaw requires of him only that he be really a king. That seems to be the popular view nowadays, at any rate amongst those who have never been courtiers. In his cinema-novel Mr. Wells expressed much the same opinion. No ermined puppet for them, but a real live wire. And in theory how admirably sound!

❋

THE king must not only reign, but rule. That is what many kings have thought and what many of them have publicly declared, though not always with results beneficial to themselves. Like less highly placed folk, monarchs occasionally retire from business, and, if some of them retain their dignity in exile, others do not. Never, however, is the divine hedge of the poet entirely cut down. An ex-king might conceivably stand as a Socialist candidate for some Parliament, but if elected he could never become an "ordinary" member.

❋

I FIND myself writing in this regal way after reading a first novel of an unusual kind called *The Grand Manner* (Gollancz: 7*s*. 6*d*.). The author, Louis Kronenberger, presumably a young American who is not ignorant of Lytton Strachey's work, has made another of those now popular (but difficult) experiments of combining history with fiction, but with this difference: *his* history is his own and nobody else's. His Royal House, the Holnesburgers, will not be found in the *Almanach de Gotha* (if that excellent manual has survived the War), and their kingdom of Hedenstrom cannot be discovered on even the most up-to-date map of Europe. Yet Hedenstrom is no Ruritania, and the career of King Rudolph (1816-1891), though dramatic enough, is not of the cinema order.

❋

IT is, in fact, almost commonplace—for a king. His Queen dies when his son is born. Successive Governments slowly curtail his powers. The Prime Minister steals his mistress.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The young author of "The Grand Manner," an unusual novel recently published by Victor Gollancz at 7s. 6d.

His son renounces his rights to the throne. A disastrous war with Frankfort (provided with a quite believable army for the occasion) forces him to leave the country. And in exile he slowly sinks down. An American woman in Paris shares a house with him. Money fails, and as a helpless old man he is glad enough to live (and die) beneath a sister's roof in Dresden.

❋

A PITIABLE business, but—the "grand manner" is never entirely absent. Rudolph is never undignified, even when he is accepting everything from the American lady and giving her nothing in return. (He is waiting, you see, to be recalled, and an American Queen—— No, not in the nineteenth century!) In the modern way, too, he writes his memoirs for money, but there is nothing in them about the lady who became the Prime Minister's wife; nor about the American woman who could never be Queen; nor even about his own flight. Much to his publishers' chagrin, indeed, there are no tit-bits at all. And although Hedenstrom may have forgotten his very existence, its streets are lined once again when his body is brought back to be placed in the Royal tomb.

❋

WELL, it is, to my mind, a memorable book. Reading about this lonely and unhappy figure, even when Mr. Kronenberger chooses to abandon the Strachey method (with its fictitious authorities) and descend to mere novel-writing, you do feel something that belongs properly to great tragedy. You feel that if you were only to search the histories carefully enough you would light on a paragraph here and there devoted to Rudolph and Madame de Bouvain. At the same time it is very far from being a gloomy book: austere, perhaps, but never depressing. As a first novel it ranks high, and I can cordially recommend it.

❋

AND with it I might bracket another first novel, also of an unusual kind, which augurs well for its writer's future. It is possible that you may find the first few pages of *The Man Within* (Heinemann: 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Graham Greene, rather baffling. Somewhere on the Sussex Downs a man is running away from something, but who or what he is, and even what has happened, and even to what age he belongs, you do not know. Soon enough, however, things become clear. We are back again in the old smuggling days when the "Gentlemen" came into occasional collision with the Revenue people, and most citizens could find room in their cellars for spirits which had never paid duty.

❋

THE man Andrews, who is trying to hide, is a smuggler who has played Judas to his friends. He has done this not for pecuniary gain, but partly because he loathes the life, and partly because he knows himself to be a coward, the very opposite to that dead father of his, also a smuggler, to whom he is always being unfavourably compared. Having done so, however, he cannot face the consequences, until he comes to a lonely cottage and falls in love with the rather mysterious young woman who lives there alone.

❋

IT is she who persuades him to go to Lewes, where his ex-comrades are to be tried for murder, but it is another woman, the mistress of the prosecuting lawyer, who actually forces him into court. The evidence against the prisoners is damning, but the "Gentlemen"—always very popular in Sussex in

(*Continued on page 728*)

(Left to right): Baron H. d'Erlanger. Captain Woolf Barnato. Captain H. R. S. Birkin. Mr. J. Dunfee. Lieut.-Comdr. Glen Kidston. Dr. J. D. Benjafield. Monsieur J. Chassagne. Mr. F. C. Clement.

OUR heartiest congratulations and grateful thanks to drivers, mechanics, and all others who made it possible to uphold British prestige at Le Mans on the 15th and 16th of June with the aid of

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE continued from page 726)

those days—are acquitted, and once again Andrews is on the run. He returns to the cottage, has a brief taste of happiness when he knows that the girl loves him, and then faces real tragedy like a man.

❋

Now this novel, finely conceived and finely written, has a double interest. It tells a really exciting story. The trial at Lewes is extraordinarily well done, and almost to the last page you do not know what is going to happen. But it also contains a masterly portrait. Andrews can betray his comrades, prove himself to be at the mercy of any chance trollop he meets, and shrink like the coward he is from the slightest pain; yet when the time comes he can play hero almost as a matter of course. All theatricality then leaves him, and he deserves and obtains your sympathy.

❋

I am not equally satisfied with the portrait of the girl. Her conversation is often too stilted and "literary." And I think that the beginning could easily have been made less baffling than it is. Yet taken as a whole I believe this to be a really good novel. Mr. Greene—a distant cousin, by the way, of Robert Louis Stevenson, is still a very young man, but there is nothing callow about his work. A year or two ago he published a book of verses, but this is his first novel. One becomes rather tired of talking about promising beginnings, but I fancy that Mr. Greene will very speedily come to the front.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

Procession. By Fannie Hurst. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)
Trousers of Taffeta. By Margaret Wilson. Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)
Forbidden Doors. By Constance Savery. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
The Patchwork Madonna. By Harold Weston. (Duckworth: 6s.)
A House is Built. By M. B. Eldershaw. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
All Kneeling. By Anne Parrish. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
Jean and Jeannette. By Rita. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
To an Eastern Throne. By Achmed Abdullah. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
Sweet Charlatan. By Inez Holden. (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.)
Poison in the Garden Suburb. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Portrait of the Labour Party. By Egon Wertheimer (Putnam: 5s.)
Carlyle to Three Score and Ten. By David Alec Wilson. (Kegan Paul: 18s.)
Aloysius Horn. Edited by Ethelreda Lewis. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)

I must add a word or two about a very curious war book which has made its appearance recently. *Bretherton: Khaki or Field Grey?* (Bles: 7s. 6d.), by W. Morris, is primarily a novel, but it also contains descriptions of trench warfare which are as vivid and lifelike as many of those which have been recently translated from the German. Admittedly the case of Bretherton himself is fantastically improbable, although I have known one not too far removed from it, but his strange story is exciting, and the whole thing very well done indeed. R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

The American literary colony here is steadily growing. Mr. Paul Green, for instance, who won the Pulitzer Prize with his play *In Abraham's Bosom*, and whose volume of short stories, *Wide Fields*, has attracted much attention, is now living in Hampstead.

Lord Gorell's new detective story, *Devil's Drum*, is, we are told, a tale of murder, love, and strange happenings . . . while the hunter is tossed from belief to doubt, the hunted goes through spasms of uncertainty. There are strands of love running parallel to the tale of dark mystery, and through all goes the sinister booming of imprisoned waters. To be published shortly by Murrays.

To-morrow for Apricots, by Ursula Bloom, just published by Hutchinson, is a story of the love of two friends; of a great and splendid affection one man bore another who was unworthy. Niki gave his life to Peter, a wastrel from the very first, who joined the Foreign Legion only to be betrayed by an Arab woman.

The title of Milward Kennedy's new book, *Corpse Guard Parade*, is even more terrifying than his last, *The Corpse on the Mat*. We are told that this murder story is most intriguing. A man walking home across Horse Guards' Parade Ground one foggy night stumbles on the body of an elderly man, clad in pyjamas, with a bullet wound in his forehead. Investigations start smoothly, but when it is discovered that the man's beard is false, and part of one eyebrow too, and that the bullet was not the cause of death, things are not so simple. First he is identified as being Henry Dill . . . then it is discovered that he is not . . . a man comes forward and admits to the murder . . . but the dead man turns out to be alive. . . . We can imagine it to be a story of surprises, but Inspector Cornford clears everything up.

Messrs. Recent Advtg. Service

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AT YOUR *WORK*
SMOKE KENSITAS

TEN FOR SIXPENCE · TWENTY FOR A SHILLING · FLAT FIFTY 2/6

FLYING NOTES

LIGHT 'PLANES IN THE WEST END

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Rev. F. A. Simpson of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has joined the ranks of private owners. He flies a Moth

Light 'Planes Under Glass

MOST of the big stores have exhibited light 'planes as a special attraction, but not until recently has there been an opportunity for the public which flies to inspect machines at leisure. Malcolm Campbell has had Moths on show in St. James's Street for some little time, and now we have the magnificent showrooms of Auto Auctions in Burlington Gardens, where the Bluebird is on view. These enterprising firms will, no doubt, be soon followed by others. Remove the light 'plane from the atmosphere of dope and varnish in the factory, and by putting it on show like any other article of commerce its market is enlarged tenfold, and it should be quite as easy to sell as a car, a diamond brooch, or a vacuum cleaner.

Air Society

THE Prince of Wales is to inaugurate the most important fortnight in the history of British aviation. He will be present at the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon on Saturday, July 13, and he has also consented to open the International Aero Exhibition at Olympia on July 16. The Prince is our leading patron of aviation, for he took up flying during the War, and has continued to travel by air on all possible occasions ever since.

Prince Bertil and Prince Carl Johann, second and third sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden, were flying at Stag Lane recently in a Gipsy Moth, and on the same occasion their sister, Princess Ingrid, made her first flight and surprised her pilot, Colonel the Master of Sempill, by pointing out most of the important London buildings with unusual accuracy. Spotting a place from the air is largely a matter of training, and until one has had considerable practice no great skill exists. The impressions of the average novice over London are limited to the Thames, the Crystal Palace, and numerous cemeteries. The Sultan of Zanzibar and his son are amongst other distinguished visitors who have been making London's acquaintance from the air.

The latest Imperial Airways air liner, the Argosy. This excellent machine is fitted with three geared Jaguar engines

Pilots in the Great Race

A FEW remarks to aid those who may stake their "all" on the result of the King's Cup. Captain Hope, the holder of the Cup; Captain Broad, De Havilland's test pilot; Mr. Alan Butler, the chairman of the company; Captain De Havilland, Lady Bailey and Miss Spooner, all pilots of great experience, are flying Gipsy Moths. Flight-Lieutenant Webster, the winner of the Schneider Trophy, and Captain H. A. Brown, who is Avro's test pilot, are flying the new Avian IV with an Armstrong Siddeley Genet engine. Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, a member of this year's Schneider Trophy team, will fly one of the Bluebirds, and another R.A.F. racing pilot, Flying Officer Staniland, has charge of the three-seater Spartan. The Bristol "Bulldog" will probably start from scratch, with C. F. Uwins up. Amongst other formidable competitors are Flying Officer Summers on a Vickers-Rolls-Royce combination, Captain Blake on the Blackburn Lincock, Captain Stack on a Nimbus Martinsyde, and Colonel the Master of Sempill on his Bluebird IV. With fifty-six entries, ranging in speed from 80 to 180 miles an hour, this year's race promises to be the most exciting ever held, and so far I have been unable to spot the winner.

Notes for Airmen

WHAT a wealth of information is contained in the monthly supplement of the *Air Pilot* as published by the Air Ministry. No one realises how many kite-balloons are swaying over England at the end of their mooring cables, or what aerodromes are up for drainage and levelling operations. Landing circles are being prepared, unlighted wireless masts erected, and grass allowed to grow too long over most of Europe, all of which dangers to the safe operation of aircraft are duly scheduled so that all who fly may read. At Vienna we are warned, with unconscious humour, that "turfing operations are in progress, and tractors, workmen, etc., should be avoided." Customs air stations have been established in Kenya, at Kisumu for landplanes and seaplanes, at Nairobi for landplanes and Mombasa for seaplanes.

A THREATENED BEAUTY SPOT

Loch Affric, Inverness-shire, the level of which it is proposed to raise in order to provide power for the electric light in Edinburgh. Glen Affric is one of the wildest and most beautiful tracts in Scotland and is the happy hunting-ground of artists as well as deer-stalkers. The late James MacWhirter, R.A., painted his famous "Three Graces" in the neighbourhood

K. M. Adam

The sea-dogs of the days of yore
Quaffed sack in quaint inns by the shore,
Boasted of fights with boisterous glee,
Of sights and lands beyond the sea
And told of sailors on the Main
Who found strange seas and stranger men.

* * * * *

But if some landsman said at last
A tale might be as tall as mast
They'd draw a chart to prove it right
And pledge themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

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"Tailoring to Tradition"

By appointment to His Majesty the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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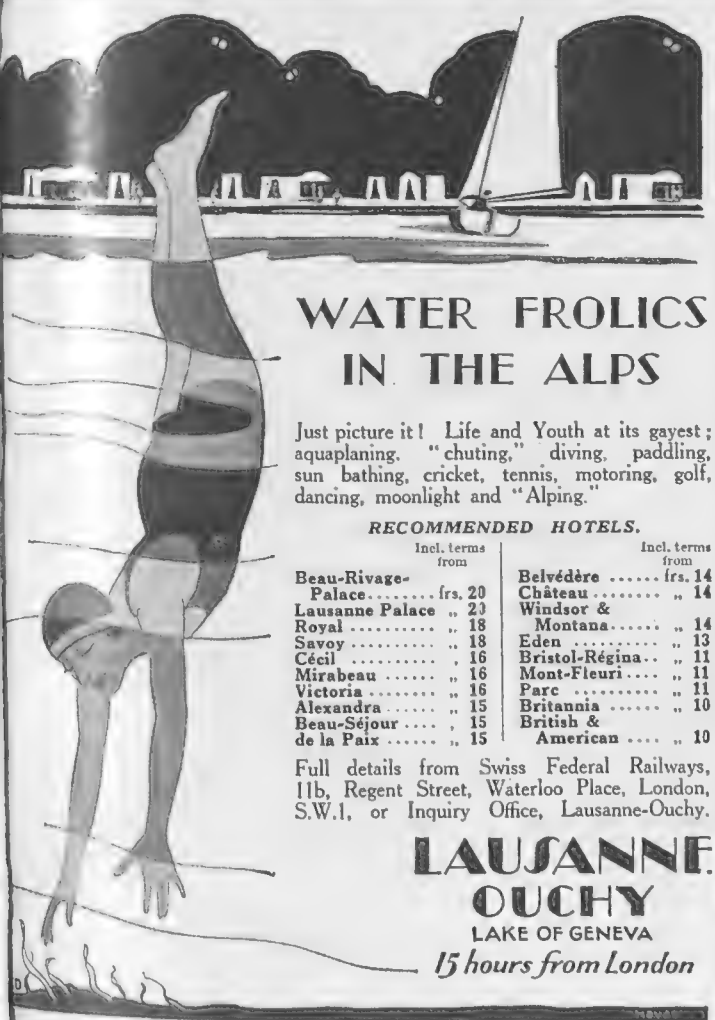
in Pure Camel Hair, and Fleeces. Light and warm for Sport and Travel, from 10 Guineas.



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Cécil	„ 16	Bristol-Régina	„ 11
Mirabeau	„ 16	Mont-Fleuri	„ 11
Victoria	„ 16	Parc	„ 11
Alexandra	„ 15	Britannia	„ 10
Beau-Séjour	„ 15	British & American	„ 10
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Following is a partial list of the places where you may obtain this delicious ginger ale.

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Royal Oak, Keswick

RESTAURANTS (London)

Imperial Airways Kettners
Delicacies Ltd. Casanova

STORES (London)

Shoolbreds, W.
Arthur's Stores, W.
Seward Bros. Ltd., W.
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A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON

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These pieces are produced to meet the demand for *true* models of the old Sailing Ships which shall do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessels, and are works of exquisite charm. "Cutty Sark" is finished in black and copper, with gilt work as necessary. Fittings and blocks are of superior quality.

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Swan & Edgar's Summer Sale begins on Monday, July 1st. For two weeks all usual price standards are disregarded and entire stocks of charming new season's Fashions and general merchandise will be cleared at genuinely reduced prices. The opportunities presented by this Sale to outfit for the holidays and to replenish household merchandise are greater than ever before, in view of the wonderful record of the past season. Here are examples of the wonderful fashion values to be obtained.

Distinctive Three-piece Suit in super Wool Stockinette. The sleeveless jumper is trimmed with inserted bands to match cardigan and skirt. The skirt is of heavy fleece wool. In Brown Heather, Navy Grey, Beige Heather, Silver, Primrose, Black/Grey or Dark Grey/Yellow. Sizes S.W., W.

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OF ALL CHEMISTS AT HOME & ABROAD 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 PER TIN

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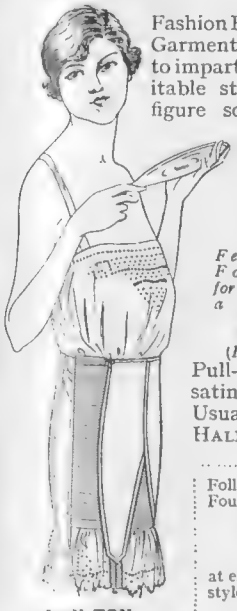
Couture et Corsetiere-de-Luxe.

BURBA'S have just introduced the latest creations of the Corsetier's art

"New British" CORSETRY



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New inner-belt control.

Featherweight Foundations for Summer Wear a speciality.

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(Illustrated left).
Pull-on belt in pink satin, sizes 26-33.
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(higher grade of ROYAL WORCESTER)
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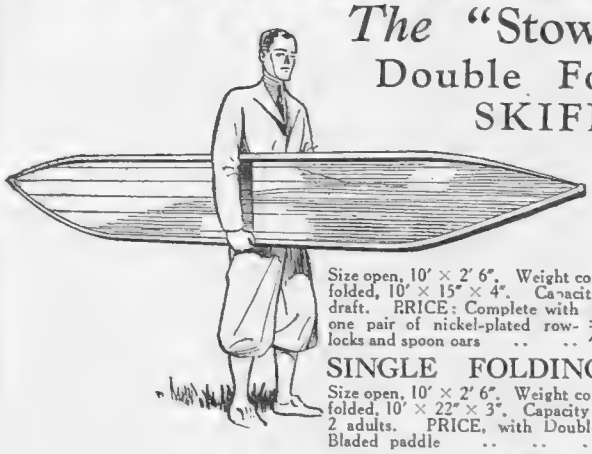
Get Your Boat from

GAMAGES

The "Stowaway" Double Folding SKIFF



Size open, 10′ × 2′ 6″. Weight complete, 35 lbs. Size folded, 10′ × 15″ × 4″. Capacity: 2 adults with 6″ draft. PRICE: Complete with one pair of nickel-plated rowlocks and spoon oars **£21:15**

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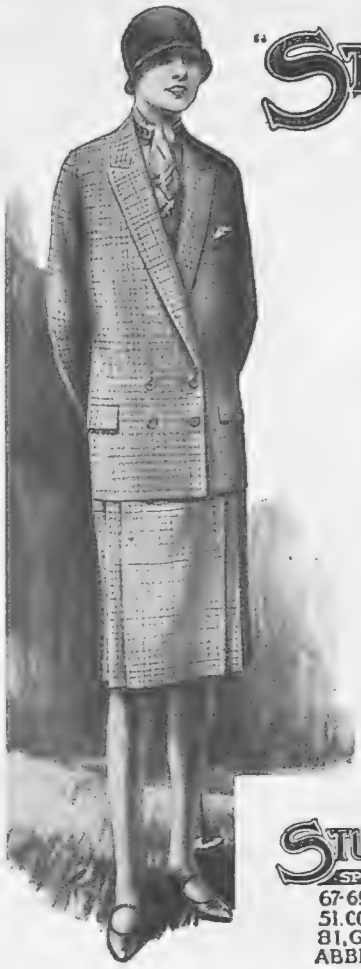

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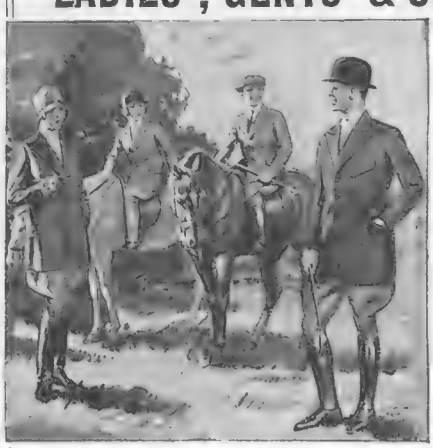

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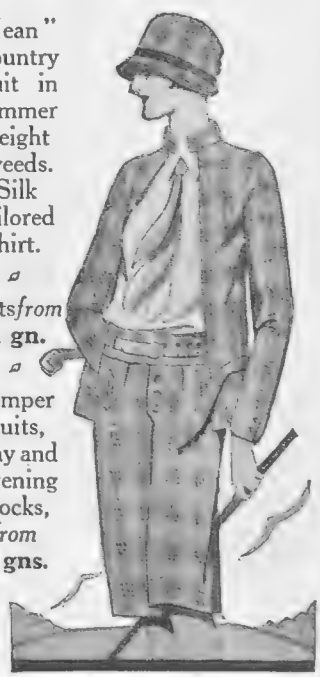

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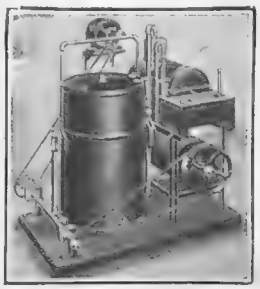

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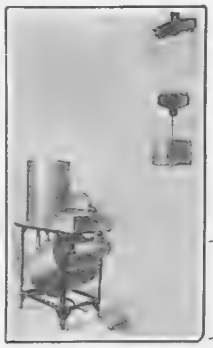

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"Goes in; pretty maid begins undressing her.

In shrubbery Raphael watches her undressing. He is tense, excited, and muddy.

Vivienne, in night attire, climbs into bed. Maid puts out lights, except one over the bed (dark shade), and shuts windows. Vivienne orders them to be reopened.

Maid leaves room by door.

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Vivienne's book drops from her fingers—she is asleep.

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Vivienne wakes—Raphael by bed, silences her.

Dialogue:

VIVIENNE: "What do you want, Raphael?"

RAPHAEL: "I want *you*, and Marx shan't have you."

She tries to treat it as a joke until . . ."

Until What?

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A Magazine for Men and Women

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Only JOUJOU can give this correct improvement, as the illustration below shows; JOUJOU is a necessity for all Women to wear, day and night.

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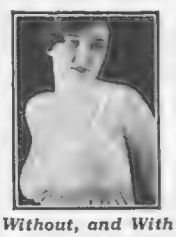

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It's "Heel fit" that counts

Not only are they ideal for Tennis, but on holiday, too, you will readily appreciate the extra foot-comfort of North British "Heel-fit" Sports Shoes. They fit snugly round the heel and instep, giving perfect support and preventing the entry of grit, sand or dust. "Heel-fit" means better fit, and better fit means longer wear.

Two favourite models—the "Harcourt" with knurled rubber sole, and the "Imperial" with crêpe rubber sole.

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IMPROVED
SPORTS SHOES

For Men and Women

Not only British—but "NORTH BRITISH."
THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.,
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Garland Ad. B.2

PETER ROBINSON

Gowns for Summer Days

904.—*Gown of printed Ninon in a beautiful flowered design, with belt of suède fastening with metal buckle. Can be had in various colours on black grounds. In sizes to suit most figures.* **12 Gns.**

905.—*Two-piece of Georgette and Lace. In biscuit colour. In sizes to suit most figures.* **17 Gns.**

906.—*Frock of heavy Lace and Georgette, lined throughout; cut on long graceful lines. Colours: beige, Lido-blue, burgundy or navy, also black. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.S.* **98/-**

907.—*Frock of printed floral Ninon in beautiful multi-colourings chiefly on black backgrounds. Also made in printed Crêpe de Chine. Sizes: W. and O.S.* **98/-**

Not sent on approval.

Catalogue of Summer Fashions sent on request.

Peter Robinson, Oxford Street & Regent Street, W 1.

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COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Twice Daily 2.30 and 8. ('Phone Gerrard 7540.)
GRAND INTERNATIONAL VARIETY PROGRAMME.
Managing Director, SIR OSWALD STOLL.

PICCADILLY THEATRE
(Off Piccadilly Circus). DAILY 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAYS 6 & 8.30.
CORINNE GRIFFITH as
THE DIVINE LADY. Romance of LADY HAMILTON and LORD NELSON.
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Preceded by VITAPHONE Variety.
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DROITWICH SPA
famous for its natural Brine Baths which will cure Rheumatism and allied ailments.
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famous for their comfort and hospitable service to each and every one of their guests.
Adjoining Brine Baths. 230 rooms. Extensive grounds. Golf. Tennis
Mixed Bathing. Lock-up Garages and cars for hire.
Illustrated Booklet on request. 'Phone: 50 or 38.

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ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
Spend a Sunny Holiday here—
facing the English Channel. A luxurious, thoroughly modernised hotel that is quiet and comfortable too. Superior cuisine. Vintage wines. Famous chef. Electric lift and fires. Delightful gardens. Historical surroundings. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

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RUE PIERRE CHARRON (CHAMPS-ELYSÉES).
THE ARISTOCRATIC "HOME."
PARIS RESTAURANT "MARIA CHAPDELAINE."
Same Management
LAUSANNE: HOTEL VICTORIA.
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AIX-LES-BAINS Smartest French Resort
The leading Hotels in unique situation
SPLENDIDE—ROYAL
And in centre of town near the Casinos HOTEL EUROPE Specially reduced prices May and June.

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THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. DELIGHTFUL IN SPRING AND SUMMER.
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ST. CAST (Nr. Dinard) ROYAL BELLEVUE
125 Rooms; 35 Baths; Orchestra; Restaurant; Right on the beach; Garage; 18-hole Golf; Tennis. Motor bus service meeting boat at Dinard. Reasonable terms.

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In pine forest nr. Casino and Tennis.
5 mins. from Golf and Sea. A first-class hotel with reasonable terms.

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On your way to the RIVIERA, break your journey at
SPLENDIDE HOTEL Marseilles
The rendezvous of the élite. Restaurant. Nearest to the Station in a quiet position.

A REALLY GOOD HOTEL ON THE BELGIAN COAST: GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS
BLANKENBERGHE
200 Rooms. Centre Sea Front (next Casino). Every modern comfort.
English Proprietors. Full Pension to July 1st and late Season from 10s. 6d.
Full Season from 12s. 6d.

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CLARIDGE'S HOTEL
Latest Hotel de Luxe. 100 Rooms. 50 Baths.
Near Golf and Tennis. On Front at Le Zoute.

ST. GEORGE'S PALACE
60 Rooms, facing Sea, all with Private Baths and Telephones.
Best position in Zoute. 3 minutes to Golf.

PALACE HOTEL
Facing Sea All comfort. 5 minutes from Links.
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On Front. Near the Golf and Tennis.
EVERY HOME COMFORT. REASONABLE PRICES.

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HOTEL DE LA PLAGE
(Restaurant de Luxe) 400 Beds
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Every modern comfort.
Pension terms Moderate prices. Renowned cuisine and cellars.
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Leading Hotel. 70 bedrooms with bathrooms. Modern Conveniences. Every Comfort: Telephone, Lifts, Safe-deposit Boxes, Central Heating. Private Club, Luxurious Salons, Bar, View of the Sea and the Parc Leopold. OPEN ALL THE YEAR. 70-72, BOUL. VAN ISEGHEM

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Same Attractions as Monte Carlo.
NEW 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE NOW OPEN
Natural carbonic acid baths for diseases of the heart. Ferruginous mud baths for Rheumatism. Cure for Anæmia and Chlorosis.
SPA-MONOPOLE DRINKING WATERS excel all others

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BRITANNIQUE	200 beds	GOLF	80 beds	SPALOUMONT	30 beds
BALMORAL	175 "	PALMIERS	50 "	TRIANON	30 "
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ANNETTE & LUBIN	110 "	SPA	50 "	BEAU-SEJOUR	20 "
LAEKEN	100 "	CHAINE d'OR	40 "	CENTRE	20 "
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BELLEVUE	80 "	COLONIES	30 "	ASTORIA	15 "
		ORLEANS	30 "	EGMONT	15 "

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ZEEBRUGGE-PALACE
Facing the famous Mole. Golf easy reach. Free fishing and shooting.
All modern comforts. From 12s. incl.

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus — The Hub of the World

Summer Sale

Begins Monday

HERE are further examples of the remarkable Fashion values offered during Swan & Edgar's great Summer Sale next week.

Lovely Two-piece Suit of fancy Georgette in Grey and Blue. The sleeveless dress has skirt composed of two pleated flounces, and the double Georgette Coat is finished with flounce to match.

SALE PRICE 10 gns.

Perfectly tailored Suit in fine quality Suiting. The coat is in single or double-breasted style, and lined throughout, and the skirt is finished with deep pleat on left side. In Navy, Beaver, Fawn or Grey fleck. Sizes S.W. and W.

SALE PRICE 42/-

Smartly tailored Suit in a narrow striped Artificial Silk. Made on the newest lines, and skirt finished with pleat. In shades of Black, Nigger or Navy. Sizes S.W. and W.

SALE PRICE 6½ gns.

W.15. Dainty one-piece Dress of "Gilray" Art. Silk Stockinette. The skirt has three frills all round, and collar and cuffs are in contrasting shade of Crêpe Georgette. In Almond, Lupine, Navy, Beige, Lemon, Black, Chocolate or Pimpernel. Sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins.

SALE PRICE 30/-

SWAN & EDGAR LTD. LONDON, W.1 *'Phone: Regent* 1616

Facial Massage

WARM, sunny days in town suggest to thoughtful women facial massage, because this way to beauty subdues sunburn and patchiness, smooths away blemishes, eliminates the minute particles of dust which are so easily collected in the pores during the summer season, and refreshes the skin to a remarkable degree.

Phyllis Earle offers a system of facial massage which enables one to always possess a charming complexion. A single treatment at these exclusive Salons will sufficiently convince you of the untold benefits which follow.

Why not 'phone or write for an appointment now, when a free consultation may be arranged to suit your convenience.

Phyllis Earle Salons

32, DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 7931.

SALE OF FINE FURS

Special Summer Prices Being Quoted—Every Fur Reduced 25%

HUNDREDS of delightful Fur Coats and beautiful Fur Stoles ready for the coming Autumn and Winter Seasons are being offered Now at Reduced Summer Prices. Don't wait, come to the City and choose your Bargain — it will be stored free of charge during the Summer months, and payment, if desired, may be deferred until delivery is required.

WRITE FOR SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE

Brown Ponyskin

Attractive and fashionable coat in Brown Ponyskin from beautifully marked skins with smart collar and pouched cuffs of Golden South American Skunk. Light in weight and really hard-wearing.

SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE **39** GUINEAS

FURS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL

Come to the City—It Pays.

Don't pay Fancy Shop Prices for your Furs. Visit our showrooms and save money. Examples of our magnificent Summer Value:

FOX ANIMAL STOLES	9½ Gns.
BLENDED MARTEN STOLES	18 Gns.
MINK MARMOT COATS	29 Gns.

Call and inspec. them before purchasing elsewhere

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers,

64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD LONDON, E.C.4.

We have no shop—Showrooms First Floor.

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The New Highway to Central Africa by

LOBITO BAY

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Largest Liners can enter at any time of the day or night.

BY FAR THE SHORTEST ROUTE

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Latest Type of Sleeping and Restaurant Cars built in British Workshops

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Daily Air Service during Season.

THE SEA. THE FOREST.

Illustrated Booklet free on application to
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Warwick Wright Says

THE NEW

BLACK HAWK SIX

Manufactured by

STUTZ

has arrived.

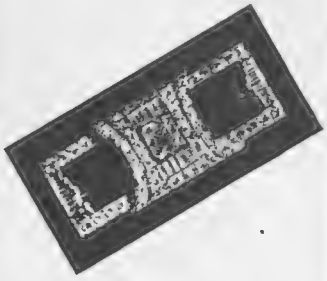
4 Speeds, Triplex Glass, Zeiss Lamps

£795

150 New Bond Street
Mayfair 2904

Ageless Gems in Modern Settings

An exquisite pearl and sapphire sautoir from Maubossin, and a cabochon sapphire ring mounted with emeralds, diamonds and sapphires The two last-mentioned stones are present in the link bracelet, while cabochon emeralds, black enamel and brilliants are effectively combined in the one above it



A diamond feather brooch with a sapphire quill. and a diamond and platinum bracelet from Mappin & Webb. The square-cut emerald ring has shoulders set with diamonds and emeralds, and the beautiful colouring of the sapphire ring is emphasised by the four baton diamonds which surround the central stone

THE cult of precious stones has existed throughout the ages, and though the popularity of jewellery has waxed and waned during the centuries it has always exercised a powerful fascination. The woman of to-day regards it as essential, not only because it enhances her beauty, but because it almost invariably forms an integral part of her dress scheme. No longer are jewels worn in a haphazard manner. Settings must harmonise, and gems must heighten each other's loveliness. Above all, clothes must form a perfect background for the jewels, and must never struggle with them for supremacy. Opals, so long regarded as unlucky, are now favoured.

The loveliness of pearls makes them incomparable. Depicted above is a perfectly matched necklace from The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. The ear-rings are in diamonds and platinum, with pear-shaped pearl drops, and the graceful bandeau is of diamonds and platinum threaded with velvet. The diamond bracelet and brooch above also comes from them

SO much has been learned of recent years about the cutting of stones that modern jewellers are able to design settings which achieve architectural lines that are perfectly proportioned and balanced. Single stone rings are enjoying a tremendous vogue, emeralds being greatly prized. Wonderful ropes of carved emeralds or rubies are new, while hat and shoulder brooches become more imposing month by month. Glittering fringes lend an air of lightness to ear-rings and pendants, and fragile cascade necklaces of diamonds look well with the diaphanous evening dresses which are now so popular. Coloured stones are used freely in broad diamond bracelets.

MOTOR NOTES

THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST!

By E. M. WRIGHT

Her Majesty the Queen in Hoxton She is seen descending from her Daimler to open the new Girls Hostel, for the erection of which she personally paid half the cost

THE Jeremiahs who profess to see in Britain the beginnings of decay, and who look back with tearful eyes to the days when, as they assert, Britain led the world in all adventurous enterprise, should read history more closely. Just lately, to take a case in point, we have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic. Britain led the way then, and, as a matter of fact, has played a leading part in all such ventures.

***

As in the air, so on land. This country holds all the world's great motoring records. But a few days ago Bentley cars scored resounding success at Le Mans in a race which is one of the blue ribbon events of the motoring world. The great names among English makes of cars are famous the world over. And this is true not only among the most expensive types, such as the Rolls-Royce and the Daimler; it applies with equal force to the very cheapest, like the "Baby" Austin and others. Indubitably we can "deliver the goods." But *do we*? Compared with America's colossal figures our total production of all cars, good, bad and indifferent, does not amount to what is turned out by *one* of the larger concerns in the States. We export in proportion to our output a considerable number. But, on

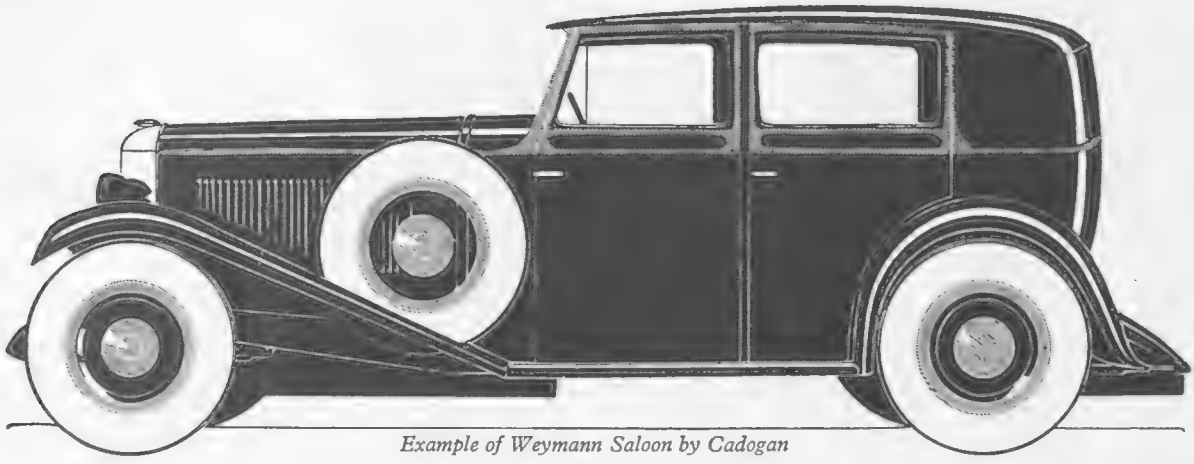
(Continued on page iv)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

PETROL ECONOMY.

PETROL economy can be secured in other ways than by decreasing the size of the carburetter jets. This latter method may indeed, increase consumption, if the mixture is thereby weakened unduly. Apart, however, from adjustments to the carburetter, one's method of driving and maintaining the car will reflect itself in the petrol bill.

Driving at high speed, for instance, lessens the mileage per gallon. Excessive braking also wastes petrol; gradual slowing down is better than a sudden, hard application of the brakes. Do not accelerate violently on the low gears, as, in addition to wasting petrol, it increases tyre wear. Rubbing brakes will also seriously affect petrol consumption. Lastly, see that the tyres are at their correct pressure, as running on under-inflated tyres imposes an extra load on the engine.



Example of Weymann Saloon by Cadogan

The 4½-litre Invicta "is a particularly nice car to drive. The steering is light, the brakes efficient, and the gear-change one of the very best. The springing is particularly good, and the road-holding at high speed excellent. With the pneumatic upholstery of that most comfortable body, driving is entirely effortless. It is a really comfortable car in the fullest sense of the word. It is one of the very few cars which have given me a really new experience, during the past four years."—*John Prioleau in the "Illustrated London News" Dec. 8th*, 1928

Long chassis 10′ 6″ wheelbase, 4′ 8″ track, £1050. Trial runs by appointment with the Invicta Car Sales Co., 11 Albemarle St., London, W.1. Telephone: Regent 2608/9

THE 4½-LITRE

INVICTA

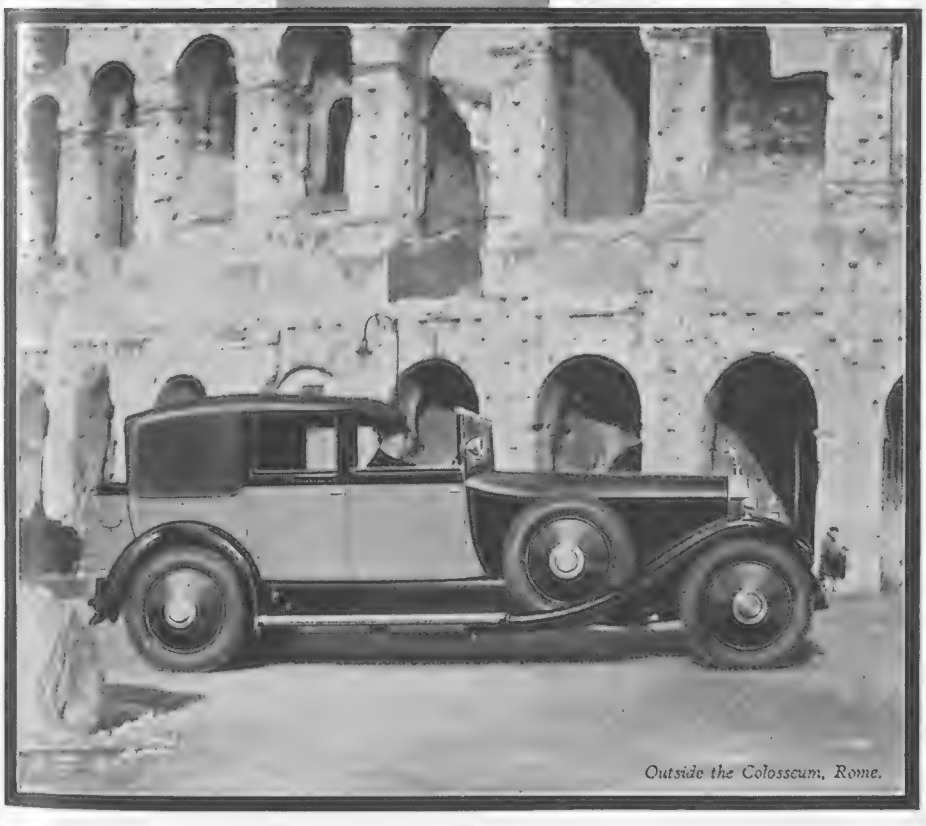
ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"This car is just about as near perfection in every way as current knowledge and complete research in automobile engineering permit. Of no other car within my knowledge or experience can I say, as of this one, that it is above criticism in every feature of performance, and every item of control. In regard to the upkeep, there is nothing that calls for any more skill or experience than in the case of any other car, while owing to its capabilities on the road, and other special features, it is, without exaggeration, the easiest car to drive of the scores and scores that have passed through my hands."

M. W. Bourdon in the Liverpool Post, 28th March 1929

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED
14-15 Conduit St. London W.1
Telephone Mayfair 6040



Outside the Colosseum, Rome.

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

HOOPER & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders

By Appointment to:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

By Appointment to:

H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN.
H.I.H. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.
H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

54, St. JAMES'S STREET
PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

Kennington Service

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

the other hand, we import very largely, in spite of the McKenna Duties; and taking the two figures together, our net balance of exports is disappointingly low. Is it always to be our mission to show the world the way and to leave others to reap the benefit of our experience?

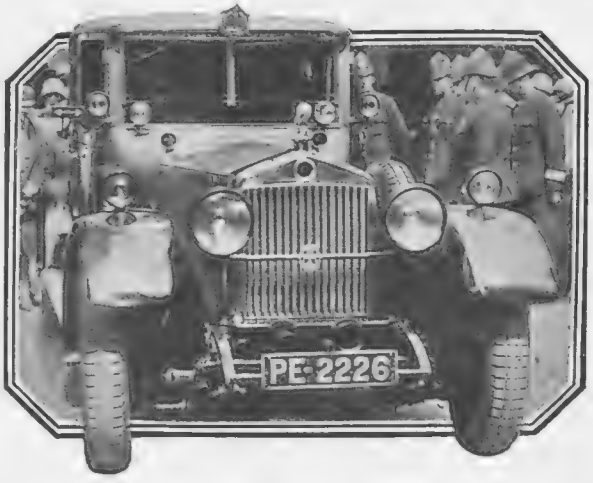
***

For this the politicians are largely to blame. Where we might expect constructive assistance we are faced with apathy and indifference, and often active hostility. Where we might expect to be left alone we are hampered and restricted by petifogging interference. The old Motor Car Act of 1903, with its archaic provisions, is still in force, and the Bill which is to bring it up to date is postponed indefinitely. Thanks to an ill-devised system of taxation, which, in spite of pledges, does not benefit road users, car construction in this country cannot follow the trend of modern design as it is understood in every other country in the world, but is compelled by economic circumstance to follow abnormal and artificial requirements peculiar to this country alone.

***

According to the Labour ante-election pledges, the one legislative act (the McKenna Duties) which has definitely helped the motor industry is to go by the board! We may be able to turn out the best cars in the world, but in face of the obstacles that are put in the way of the industry its leaders may well ask: Is it worth while?

I remember a year or two back, when around the club fireside discussion raged round what was the greatest achievement in connection with motoring, after all the obvious feats had been exhausted and all the heroes laid to rest, some wag said: "Personally, I think it was when the Smith Accessory people made motorists want a clock on the dashboard; a *clock* of all things!—when I suppose everyone who ever rides in a car has a wrist watch." "Yes," agreed another, "and no one ever seems to wind these dashboard clocks. That shows how much they're wanted. Why, a calendar or a table of lighting-up times or race meetings would be just as much to the point, or more!"



The 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester limousine used by the Duke of York when he opened the new Lex Garage in Lexington Street, Shaftesbury Avenue. This is London's largest garage and can accommodate more than a thousand cars

***

I was reminded of that conversation when I recently went round the works of S. Smith & Sons (M.A.), Ltd., at Cricklewood. It is not generally realised that Smith's make more clocks than any other concern in Britain, and they have reduced the business to a fine art. In the testing bay of the clock department at Cricklewood I saw 3,000 clocks on test panels, that made the wall look as though it were built of car clocks, being regulated by an army of girls—a process which takes about ten days. Another interesting process is the printing of clock faces; which is done from a copper plate and a soft rubber pad mounted on a press. The pad is first pressed on to the copper plate and then on to the face of the clock.

***

Large as is Smith's output of clocks, however, most of the Cricklewood works is devoted to speedometers, for this company handles some 98 per cent. of the trade in these. One result of the enormous growth of this accessory business is that, being responsible for the equipment on so many cars all over the world, Smiths have had to establish service depots in every important market taking British cars. It may be of interest to overseas readers of The Bystander to know that more than £1,000,000 has been sunk on this side of the business alone.

E. M. W.

The Minerva has made of travel a thing of utter luxury. It takes you there—it brings you back, in pampered comfort, in deep security, and—in silence! "Cruising" at 50/55 means nothing to the Minerva's sleeve-valve engine, so you hear nothing about it!

MINERVA

THE GODDESS OF AUTOMOBILES

STANDARD ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE

MINERVA

20/24 6-Cylinder - £1250
32/34 6-Cylinder - £1450
All models fitted with Dewandre Vacuum Brakes.

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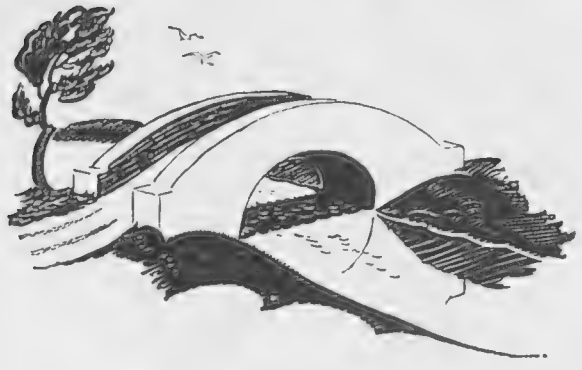
CHENIES ST., LONDON, W.C.1

It goes on and on . . . and on



Have you ever watched water gliding smoothly and effortlessly beneath a bridge, never checking, never stopping, but going on and on? That is how an Austin travels.

There is no hesitation, no faltering, as it eats up mile after mile of the road. You can find no better companion for long, strenuous journeys. For its reliability and lasting qualities have helped to make the reputation of British motor engineering throughout the world.

The Austin is built to give satisfaction not for a year, or two years, but for as long as you demand its services. Yet it is not a car for the rich alone. For the man of moderate means the 16 h.p. models are an investment which cannot be beaten. There is the Burnham Saloon at £375, the Fabric (4 window) at £365, the Open Road Tourer at £325, and the Clifton Tourer at £305. It will be worth your while to see one before deciding on your next car.

AUSTIN

Showrooms: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1.
Service Station and Showrooms:
Holland Park Hall, W.11.

***Read the* AUSTIN MAGAZINE *Every Month* 4D**

A.J.W.

GUARANTEED *by this Seal* FOR EVER!

WHEN you buy a KISMET-DUPLEX Foot Pump you need never buy another. With it tyre inflation becomes so easy that your tyres receive proper attention. Just push on the connector which fits all valves without screwing, a few easy strokes with the patent super-charged action, a glance at the pressure gauge fitted to the connection, and the job is done. Tyres always in perfect condition.

May we send you illustrated particulars?

KISMET-DUPLEX
Two in One
FOOT-PUMP

Manufacturers:
WM. TURNER & BRO. LTD.
EYRE WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

KISMET-DUPLEX	58/6
KISMET-JUNIOR	40/-
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Easily First!

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

is the first choice of those who win in tests of speed, endurance, and reliability on Land, in Air or on Water.

The World's Motor Boating Championship for 1929, and the Duke of York's International Gold Trophy for the past four years in succession, were all won on Wakefield CASTROL. This famous lubricant costs no more than many inferior oils, though by its unexcelled lasting qualities, and by prolonging the intervals between decarbonisations and minimising engine wear, it will save pounds in the long run

The Wakefield Chart at any Garage or our pocket Lubrication Index (post free on application) shows the CASTROL grade recommended for your needs.

Follow the example of Sir Henry Segrave and the Recommendation of over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers; insist on Wakefield CASTROL—the Product of an All-British Firm.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Fashions Fancies

TENNIS AND GARDEN FROCKS

The cool shade of trees is very enticing when the sun blazes down from a cloudless sky. The girl in the hammock wears a delightful little green voile dress, adorned with hemstitching and rows of Valenciennes lace. It is sponsored by Robinson and Cleaver, and so are the two tennis frocks. Both are made of heavy washing silk, that on the left having a soft jabot and a group of pleats at one side, while the other boasts a natural waistline and a full flared skirt. The glass lemonade set in mottled hues, the coloured wicker stand and the bird bath all come from Gamages

ROYAL WORCESTER & BON TON CORSETRY

WARNING! Our models—***and model numbers***—are extensively copied. While appreciating this "unsolicited testimonial," we urge you to insist on seeing the Trade Mark "Royal Worcester" or "Bon Ton" on every garment—*the guarantee of fine corsetry for more than half a century.*

New models of alluring daintiness are available for every type of figure. Ask to see a selection at the price you are accustomed to pay for your Corsetry.

Model 865H
New Bon Ton Corselette which perfectly controls the figure. Cut low at the back with Rayon knit elastic hip sections and inset at front of skirt. Strongly fashioned in pink Rayon Broché. Bust sizes 38-46 - **29/6**

MANY OF OUR MOST UP-TO-DATE STYLES are FEATURED at the forthcoming SUMMER SALES AT SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES

Fully illustrated Folder of Latest Styles and Catalogue of Special Sale models will be sent, together with name of nearest Agent, on request to:

WORCESTER CORSETRY Ltd.
ONE HUNDRED REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat.

Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease.

Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice: their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them

In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

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SYMPHONY FOR HARMONY IN THE HOME

THE GREAT SALES ADVENTURE

A crêpe de Chine frock printed with green and orange flowers, and a pretty voile dress from Gorringe's

Practise Discernment

THERE is something so exhilarating in the animated atmosphere of the big shops during the summer sales that one needs to gird oneself about with the armour of stern practicability lest one yields to impulses to buy things for which one has no use. There are so many articles which really are sound investments that such mistakes are particularly deplorable.

Afternoon Dresses

FOR instance, who would not wish to own the delightful dresses sketched at the head of this page? The one in the foreground is of black *crêpe de Chine*, printed with vivid green and orange flowers, the collar and vest being of cream georgette, lightly embroidered. During the sale at Gorringe's, of Buckingham Palace Road, which commences on July 1, it will cost only 98*s.* 6*d.* The second frock is of cotton voile, cut with a coat effect. This will be available for 49*s.* 6*d.* Holiday hats in stitched felt or speckled straw for 10*s.* 9*d.*, jazz-coloured woollen yarn jumpers for 11*s.* 6*d.*, strong horseshoe hat-cases for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and artificial silk vests for 3*s.* 6*d.* give some idea of the reductions which are being made in every department.

Tennis Frocks

THE tennis enthusiast will welcome the advent of Walpole's sale, which commenced on June 24 and continues until the end of July, at 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street. The washing *crêpe de Chine* dress at the foot of this page is made in ivory or pastel shades for 3 guineas. Linen frocks, with or without sleeves, are priced at 12*s.* 11*d.*, French handmade voile frocks being 29*s.* 6*d.* Shantung wrappers cost 25*s.* 9*d.*, and washing satin nightdresses are reduced from 49*s.* 9*d.* to 39*s.* 11*d.* Natural linen and lace bedspreads are available for 39*s.* 6*d.*, hemstitched linen pillow cases cost 11*s.* 9*d.* each, and Irish linen huckaback towels may be secured for 15*s.* 9*d.* for six.

For the Schoolgirl

THE modern schoolgirl takes a very intelligent interest in her clothes. At Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, from June 24 until July 27, she will find floral chiffon *ensembles* reduced from 11½ guineas to 98*s.* 6*d.*, and *crêpe de Chine* suits, with embroidered jumpers and cardigans, for 59*s.* 6*d.* For the smaller girl there are unfadable gingham frocks with knickers to match reduced from 25*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.* 6*d.* For her mother there are light hopsack or wool georgette summer coats, trimmed with soft fur, for 7½ guineas, lace wool jumpers for 10*s.* 6*d.*, and some splendid hosiery bargains.

Printed cotton or gingham holiday frocks are ideal for children. These come from Harvey Nichols

This practical tennis frock in washing crêpe de Chine is sponsored by Walpole's

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

HOW I PRESERVE THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

IT is not expensive or difficult, and I must admit that it produces the results, for every girl that has used it on my recommendation has a complexion to-day of which she is justly proud. Massage a little Mercolized Wax into your face each night. In the morning wipe off with a dry towel. That's all. Simple, isn't it? But do it regularly and you will be delighted to see how this remarkable Wax absorbs the half dead and discoloured cuticle, revealing the fresh young complexion which every woman has *underneath*.

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MERCOLIZED WAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

DOGS

"I HELP MY PALS!"

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day (Wednesday) brings Dog Shows at Bournemouth, Ripon, Chester, and Munster, Cork; and to-morrow Hertfordshire (a great county for Cockers and Terriers) holds its Show at Hatfield Park.

Last year's introduction of a National Dog Week brought many good things in its train, and is clearly to be a hardy annual. It seems only the other day that its hopeful offspring, the Tail-Waggers' Club, was being congratulated on a membership of nearly fifty thousand, and a donation to the Veterinary College Rebuilding Fund of just upon £5,000. Now the donation exceeds £9,000, and the Club's membership draws near the seventy-thousand mark. It has actually recorded eight hundred enrolments in one day, and its monthly journal has deservedly won first place among the Dog magazines. One of the most famous new members of the Tail-Waggers' Club is Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles' Cairn Terrier, "Peggy." Another is the Queen of Norway's Dwarf Pinscher, "Billy." At this rate we shall presently reach a point at which the social standing and pedigree of one's Dog friends will begin to be suspect if they are not members of the Club whose membership medal bears the legend: "I Help My Pals!"

Readers who are considering the question of providing for their Dogs whilst themselves away on holiday might bear in mind that the Dogs entertain no doubts as to the most desirable course. "Take us with you!" is their vote, every single time. The correspondent who suggests that where this cannot be managed the next best thing is to send the Dog to the local vet. for the time, is not altogether in the right of it. The vet.'s accommodation may be ever so good for the sick Dog, just as a hospital ward may be excellent for the sick man. But is it very kindly to sentence your Dog to weeks of the caged life simply because you yourself are holiday-making? Perish the thought! Take him with you if you possibly can. You'll find you'll be the happier for it. And if you really cannot, then put up the modest necessary sum to cover his stay in a well-run country boarding-place for Dogs, say, from 5s. to 10s. a week, according to his physical proportions. In this and other Doggy matters advice can always be had from the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

Miss Brunton with Mrs. Crouch's Salukis, Orchard Sadik, Orchard Shahzaman, and Orchard Dinar, at the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Canine Association's Championship Show at Windsor Home Park. Between them they won eight firsts, four specials and two challenge certificates

Already the necessary list of 60 to 70 judges has been drawn up, and other preliminaries settled, for the 68th Annual Show of the Kennel Club, to be held at the Crystal Palace—undoubtedly the best venue in England for this classic function—on October 9 and 10 next. Apart from the immense organising work for which the Kennel Club itself is responsible in this connection, much selective and preparatory work goes on for months in the kennels of Britain, and the famous Dog caterers responsible for the whole of the benching and feeding, the physical care and comfort of the Dogs themselves, have a big job before them, for no other Dog Show in the world is quite so important or so perfectly staged as this.

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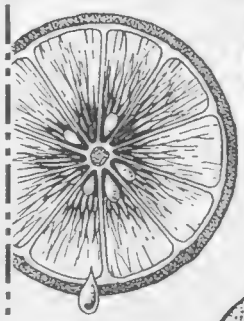

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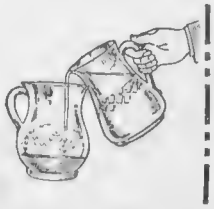

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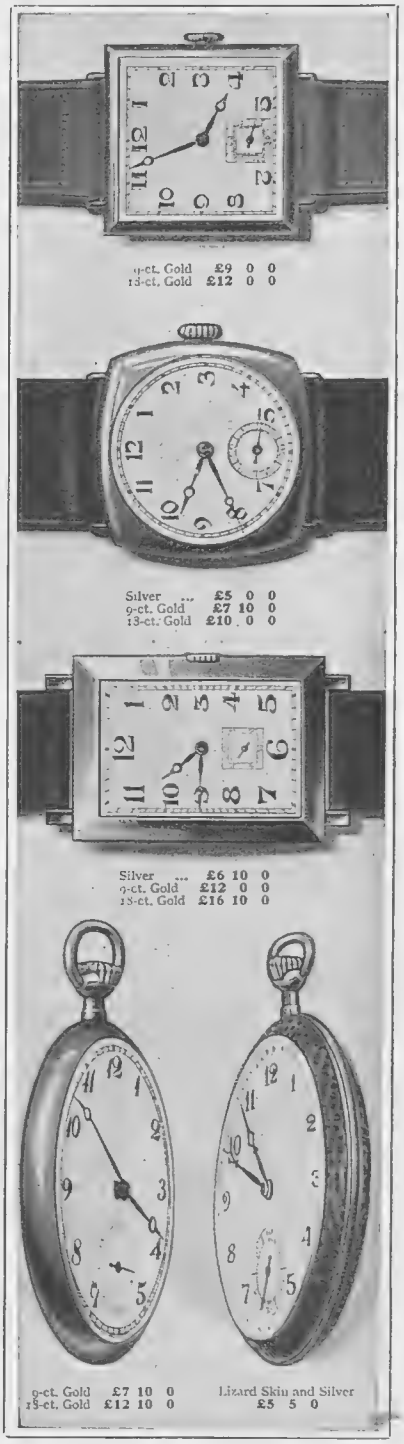

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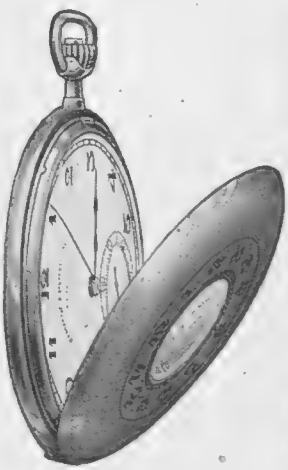

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BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 2

A CHAT ON TAKE-OUTS

By "ACES EASY"

COMPETITION RULES

1.—Every entry must be accompanied by the coupon appearing at the bottom of this column. There is no limit to the number of solutions which may be submitted by any one competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon

2.—To each bidding query one unqualified answer—and one answer only—must be submitted.

3.—To the second part, the solution should be set out in four columns thus:

W.	N.	E.	S.
D—3	D—2	D—6	D—K

The card winning the trick should be underscored; the card immediately below the underlined card is deemed to be led to the following trick.

4.—All solutions, addressed to: Bridge Competition, "Bystander," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, must reach this office by Friday, July 5. The answers and awards will be published as soon as feasible.

5.—The first prize of £5 5s. will be awarded to the solution having the greatest number of marks. In the event of a tie it will be awarded to the first solution opened, but no entry will be opened before the closing date. Six Consolation Prizes of Two Packs of special "Bystander" Linette Cards will be awarded to the nearest, or tying, entries. Five marks are awarded for each bidding query; twenty for Part II.

6.—The decision of the Card Editor (who will be pleased to answer any questions on Bridge) is final.

BYSTANDER COUPON—II.

Cut this out.

June 26/29.

REVERTING to the topic I mentioned last week—the take-out of the No Trumper, I have once again been impressed with the value of this manœuvre. The theory that a take-out announces strength is untenable, if you want to get good results out of the hand. If I call one no trump on a hand ace above the average and my partner puts down a foot, I am going down. I always have to lead away from my own strength and can never get a finesse or anything else. If my partner tells me that his hand has a suit of five cards (major) and I can support it, I leave him in. If not and I have a hand only ace above average, I bid a second suit, which he can leave in if he be weak and either rebid his own suit or put me back to my no trumps if he be strong. The decision to return to no trumps should always be left to the partner, not taken by the original no trumper, save with a large fist, usually good for the game.

Similarly, with a negative double: if your partner doubles and you have a weakish hand, you bid your suit. If he denies this, bidding no trumps or a second suit which you cannot support, *and* your hand contains a four-card suit as yet unbid, deny the double again. I have seen hands bid all four suits *and* no trumps, finally landing in a contract of four clubs, in which, and only in which, could game be made.

Bystander Bridge Competition—II.

I.

(a) Score: Game all. Love all. South deals and calls one No Trump; West, Double; North, No Bid; East, two Spades. South, No Bid; West, two No Trumps; North, No Bid; East holds: *S*—K, J, 8, 7, 4, 2; *H*—6, 5, 3, 2; *D*—J, 9; *C*—5. What should East call?

(b) North-South Game and 23; East-West Love; South deals and calls a Club; West and North pass; East holds: *S*—A; *H*—A, K; *D*—Q, J, 8, 7, 5; *C*—K, Q, 6, 4, 2. What should East call?

(c) Love all. South deals and holds: *S*——; *H*—9; *D*—J, 6, 5; *C*—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2. What should South bid?

(d) 28 all Rubber Game. South calls Four Clubs; West holds: *S*—A, K, Q, 5; *H*—A, Q, J, 10, 2; *D*—K, Q, J, 10; *C*——. What should West bid?

II.

S—J, 10, 4.
H—Q, 9, 6, 5.
D——
C—Q, 8, 7, 4, 3, 2.

North.

	W	E
S—5, 3.	e	a *S*—Q, 8, 6.
H—J, 4, 3.	s	s *H*—A, K, 10, 2.
D—A, J, 9, 7, 5, 3, 2.	t	t *D*—K, Q, 8, 4.
C—10.		*C*—K, 9.

South.
S—A, K, 9, 7, 2.
H—8, 7.
D—10, 6.
C—A, J, 6, 5.

East.	South.	West.	North.
1 N.T.	N.B.	2 D.	N.B.
3 D.	3 S.	4 D.	4 S.
Db.	N.B.	N.B.	N.B.

Note on bidding: South passes on the first round correctly. West should have bid four Diamonds, not two. With a singleton he was right to take out the no-trumper. East's double is rash as it seems South has a strong black hand, and will be able to get into his dummy (judging from North's lift) to finesse.

West leads the Diamond Ace. How should South play the hand to get the most out of it?

The best 'round' after a round

A body needs a drink with a "body" after 18 holes of the open air. A drink that the splash won't kill—with a bouquet that invites the palate and a taste that pleases and satisfies. It is BRANDY—but be sure that it comes from COGNAC the home of the greatest of Brandies.

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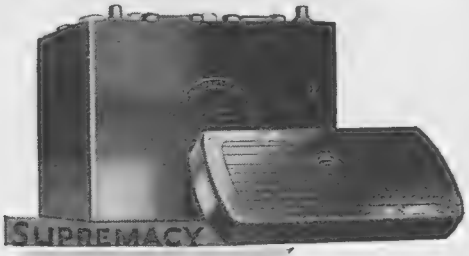

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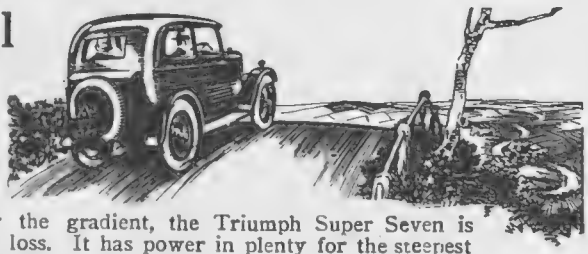
Up hill and down dale



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Illustrated List on Application.

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

FREE 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, add salt and pepper, rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, then whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

Madras Curry

CUT into slices two small onions and fry in 2 oz. of butter to a golden colour. Mix a tablespoonful of curry powder with a dessertspoonful of cornflour in the pan with the onions and butter until quite smooth; add a breakfast cupful of stock or milk, cut up 1 lb. of fresh meat, either beef, mutton, or veal, into pieces an inch in size. Put them in the pan with the curry, and let them simmer very gently for an hour (or a shorter time if cooked meat is used), stirring into the curry a tablespoonful of desiccated cocoanut and a little chutney. Before serving, squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Well-boiled rice should be served with this curry.

Peas Stewed with Lettuce

SHELL half a peck of young peas and put them into a bowl of cold water with 1 oz. of butter. Put them then into a stewpan with the heart of a lettuce, finely shredded, an onion cut into thin slices, and a bunch of parsley. Cover the saucepan closely and let the peas cook till they are tender, shaking the saucepan now and then to prevent them sticking. When they are done take out the onion, put in 1 oz. of butter mixed smoothly with half a dessertspoonful of flour and a dessertspoonful of cream, simmer gently for four minutes.

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

CONSOMMÉ.

MOUSSE OF SALMON (ICED).

MADRAS CURRY.

ROAST CHICKEN.

PEAS STEWED WITH LETTUCE.

NEW POTATOES.

MELON ICE.

TOMATO FRITTERS.

CAFÉ.

Melon Ice

ONE gill of cream, one melon, 4 oz. white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve, mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace in the melon, putting on the top with a silver skewer through it so that it is easy to remove. Wafer biscuits should be handed with this ice.

Tomato Fritters

BAKE some tomatoes in a little butter, add some grated cheese and a very little finely chopped shallot. Add the white of one egg, and as much milk as will make the preparation of the consistency of batter, drop this batter into a frying-pan of boiling fat, and when the fritters rise, take them out and dust them over with grated cheese before sending to table.

"DON'T you think the water is awfully hard here?"

"Yes, but then it rains harder here!"

* * *

IT is a funny thing that the man who spends the most time with his hands in his pockets usually has the least in them.

* * *

WHEN an art expert can't tell a copy of an Old Master from the original a simple layman wonders why the copy isn't worth as much as the original.

* * *

THE more one observes husbands the more one wonders why some girls feel sensitive about not having one.

Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it the world-wide fame in the treatment of ***gout*** and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

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Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"Makes Breakfast Worth While"

1-lb. JARS 8D

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JUST as the Sportsman, in choosing a gun, instinctively selects the one which "handles" better than the rest.

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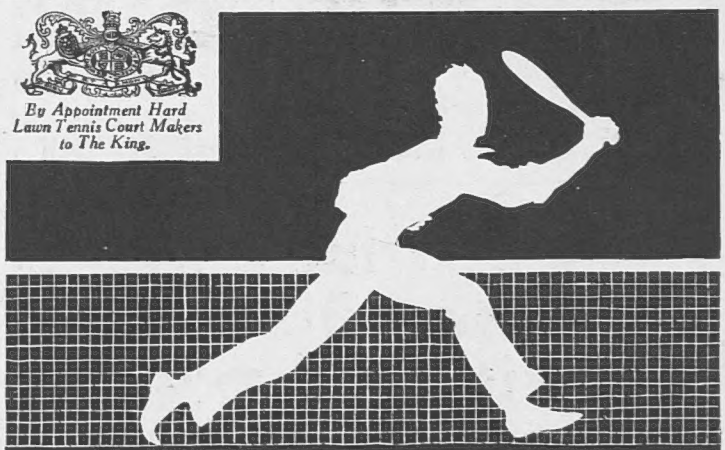

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HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

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(Also many other important Clubs)

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Tyred Pedestrians

A brisk trade in a new type of footwear is being created by the cobblers of Albania, Turkey, and parts of Persia. They are making shoes out of old Dunlop tyres by the simple process of cutting well-worn motor tyres into the required lengths, fashioning a toe and tongue, and lacing a thong of leather around the top to bind the whole together. The finished article resembles a Dutch sabot, and a traveller who has just made a tour of the Near East reports that in the bazaars the demand for the new shoes is great, because they cost less and wear longer than sandals or the more modern boot.

The Eternal Question

Where to holiday-make?—that is a burning question with many people. Is it the South Coast? Is it France? all good enough but for those who fancy a change of surroundings. Why not Norway? There is wonderful scenery in Norway—mountains, falls, lakes, fjords, quaint houses, and a kindly people. There is still time to book a passage on one of the luxurious 20,000-ton Orient Line steamers, which this season are running pleasure cruises to Norway and the Baltic. Everyone who undertakes such trips is charmed by the surroundings; scores make it year after year, for it lingers as a never-to-be-forgotten event.

On the Great Western Railway

The Great Western Railway Company's summer service, which comes into operation as from July 8, contains numerous features of public interest. These include a new Pullman car express from Paddington to Torquay, which will leave Paddington at 11 a.m. on Mondays and Fridays, and arrive at Newton Abbot at 2.25 p.m., Torquay at 2.40 p.m., and Paignton at 2.50 p.m. A corresponding up Pullman express will leave Paignton at 4.30 p.m., reaching Paddington at 8.30 p.m. A supplementary charge of 7s. 6d. first class and 5s. third class will be made for accommodation in these trains, and luncheon, dinner, and other refreshments can be obtained in these cars. Other new weekday trains from Paddington will include the 9.25 a.m. Shakespeare Express for Leamington, Warwick, and Stratford, and the 10.20 a.m. Cambrian Coast Express for Barmouth and Aberystwyth, and special Saturday expresses will be run for the benefit of the great holiday traffic to the popular resorts on the Holiday Line.

The exhibit set up by Messrs. Glendenning and Sons, Ltd., which is attracting great attention at the Newcastle Exhibition. The exhibit centres round the original drawing of the "Johnnie Walker" figure by the late Tom Browne, and upon this can be seen the now-famous phrase lightly pencilled by the late Lord Stevenson, "Born 1820—Still Going Strong." The walls are lined with the original work of many famous artists

Honoured by India

We have just been informed of the fact that Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., the manufacturers of the well-known Wakefield Castrol motor oils, have been appointed suppliers of oil to the Right Honourable the Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, Viceroy and and Governor-General of India. This well-known firm, whose products are so well known to all motorists, has already been honoured by warrant of appointment to His Majesty the King of England and H.M. the King of Spain.

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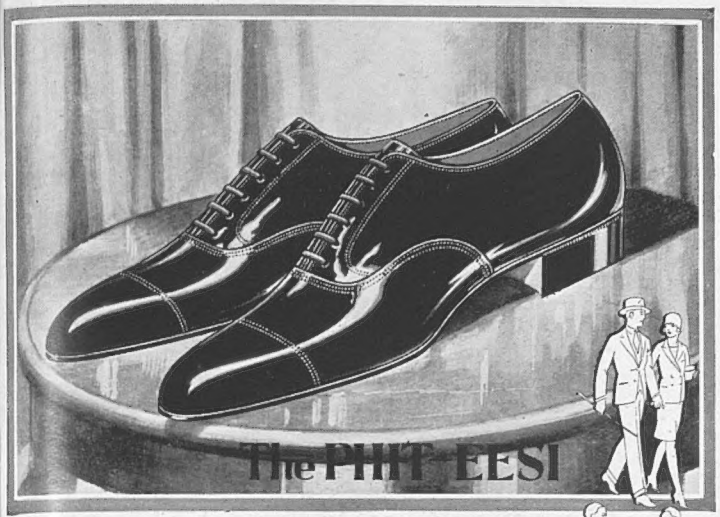

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All who love a good horse will appreciate this admirable piece of work by the French sculptor, GASTON D'ILLIERS. The Bronze stands 5¼ inches high at shoulder, and is mounted on a marble slab 8¾ inches long.

AN EXAMPLE IS ON VIEW AT THE SPORTING GALLERY.

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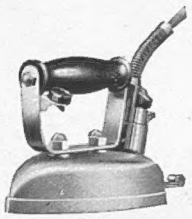
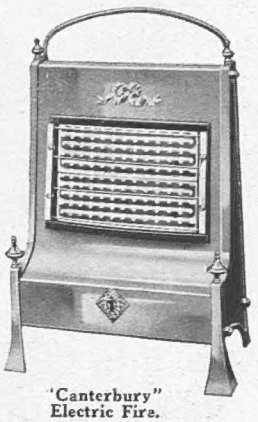
"A touch of the switch does it"



"Treasure" Electric Iron.

By Appointment
Ironfounders to H.M. the King.



"Canterbury" Electric Fire.

Use CARRON Electric Cooking & Heating Appliances

and ensure a long and satisfactory service.

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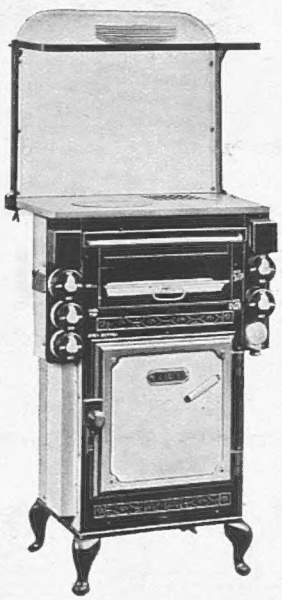
The "Canterbury" Fire gives an intense radiant heat. Supplied in a variety of attractive finishes.
Prices from **£2:15:0**



Cooker illustrated has ample cooking facilities for 5 or 6 persons. Carron Cookers can be hired from most Supply Authorities at moderate rates.

Your Electrical Contractor or Local Supply Authority will give you further particulars, or write for No. 84F Catalogue of Carron Electric Appliances, post free.

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Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic

A Grand Prix Episode.

Lord Bob : "Now I'm in a devil of a hole! There's not a hope of crossing to Longchamps to-day."

Lady Vi : "What a shame! Then we shan't see the Grand Prix after all our hurry."

Lord Bob : "Frightfully sorry, Vi, but what worries me much more is what I am going to do about the 'monkey' that Peter and his pals entrusted me to put on 'Lemonora' with the 'Parimutuel.'"

Sir Edward : "Great Scott, Bob! Why the deuce didn't you see to that before you left?"

Lord Bob : "Well, you see, Ted, neither Peter's man nor mine would accept a commission for French racing, so as we were flying over, I undertook to put the 'monkey' on."

Sir Edward : "You are still the same careless 'devil-may-care' Bob. It's lucky I'm with you."

Lord Bob : "Why, can you help me out?"

Sir Edward : "Yes, if we can persuade that little post-office down the road to telephone a wire through to my man 'Duggie.'"

Lord Bob : "But I haven't an account with him."

Sir Edward : "But you surely will after this lesson. Whether it's English or French racing makes no difference; you're always on. *That's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie!'*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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